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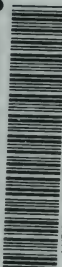
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The
Breitmann
Ballads

CHARLES G. LELAND

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THE
BREITMANN BALLADS

THE
BREITMANN
BALLADS

SELECTED

BY
CHARLES G. LELAND

A NEW EDITION



LONDON
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO. LTD.
PATERNOSTER HOUSE, CHARING CROSS ROAD
1902

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TO THE MEMORY
OF THE LATE
NICHOLAS TRÜBNER

This Work is Dedicated

BY
CHARLES G. LELAND

Ad Musam

“*Est mihi schoena etenim et praestanti corpore liebsta
Haec sola est mea Musa meoque regierit in Herzo.
Huic me ergebo ipsum meaque illi abstatto geluebda,
Huic ehrensaulas aufrichto opfroque Geschenka,
Hic etiam absingo liedros et carmina scribo.*”

—*Rapsodia Andra, Leipzig, 17th century.*

P R E F A C E

TO THE NEW EDITION

THIS is an abridged edition of the “Breitmann Ballads,” made by the author, who, however, believes that a selection of the poems, as indicated by popular quotation and “favourable mention,” will probably be more acceptable to most readers than the whole, with its useful, but often neglected, Introduction, Notes, and Glossary. For the best is in fact all that the majority care for, and they are well pleased to get it at a fraction of the cost for the whole.

It may be observed that there are very few poets who have not written rather too much than too little, while not a few, as, for instance, Southey, would have gone further or risen far higher had they not been encumbered by a vast weight of their superfluous songs. Which should, indeed, be a lesson to more of the fraternity ; and if any one chooses to include me, humble as I am in my small way, in the number, I quite agree with him. But I at least may be credited with having cut down my work sometimes, which unto some is like the deed of Mutius Caius Scævola when he burned his right hand

off. And such a reduction by the writer himself is more acceptable than any other, as more "reliable," it being generally recognised that all have some rights of suppression or correction in their own works.

I would return very sincere, most cordial, kindest thanks to all who have approved of these lyrics. It has recently been stated in divers papers that the sale of the English authorised and approved copies has been ten thousand. It is, however, true that, including all sold in America, the four pirated issues in the United States, Canada, England, and Australia, with the *brochures*, rather more than sixty thousand copies have appeared. And so with the hope that this selection may be approved, the author concludes with the old German finale:—

"Go forth, my book, to all the world!
Bear what thy fate may be!
They may bite thee, they may smite thee;
So they do no harm to me!"

"I, liber ac orbi docto te publicus infer!"

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

FLORENCE, Dec. 4, 1901.

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THE BREITMANN BALLADS

HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty ;
Dey had biano-blayin',
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
Her name vas Madilda Yane.
She hat haar as prown ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und vhen dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in dwo.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I vent dere you'll pe pound ;
I valtzet mit Madilda Yane,
Und vent shpinnen' round und round.
De pootiest Fraulein in de house,
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I dells you it cost him dear ;
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
Of foost-rate lager beer.

Und vhenefer dey knocks de shpicket in
De Deuschers gifes a cheer ;
I dinks dot so vine a barty
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;
Dere all vas Souse and Brouse,
Vhen de sooper comed in, de gompany
Did make demsels to house ;
Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,
De Bratwurst and Braten vine,
Und vash der Abendessen down
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;
Ve all cot troonk ash bigs.
I poot mine mout' to a parrel of beer,
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs ;
Und den I gissed Madilda Yane,
Und she shlog me on de kop,
Und de gompany vighted mit duple-lecks
Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Where ish dot barty now ?
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
Dot float on de moundain's prow ?
Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern—
De shtar of de shpirit's light ?
All goned afay mit de lager beer—
Afay in de Ewigkeit !

DE MAIDEN MIT NODINGS ON

DER noble Ritter Hugo
Von Schwillensaufenstein,
Rode out mit shpeer and helmet,
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meermaid,
Vot hadn't got nodings on,
Und she say, "Oh, Ritter Hugo,
Where you goes mit yourself alone?"

And he says, "I rides in de creenwood,
Mit helmet und mit shpeer,
Till I cooms into em Gasthaus,
Und dere I trinks some beer."

Und den outshpoke de maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on :
"I ton't dink mooch of beoplesh
Dat goes mit demselves alone.

"You'd petter coom down in de wasser,
Where dere's heaps of dings to see,
Und hafe a shplendid tinner
Und drafel along mit me.

“Dere you sees de fisch a schwimmin’,
Und you catches dem efery von :”—
So sang dis wasser maiden
Vot hadn’t got nodings on.

“Dere ish drunks all full mit money
In ships dat vent down of old ;
Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder !
To shimmerin’ crowns of gold.

“Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches !
Shoost see dese diamant rings !
Coom down and fill your bockets,
Und I’ll giss you like efery dings.

“Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und lager ?
Coom down into der Rhine !
Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne
Vonce filled mit gold-red wine !”

Dot fetched him—he shtood all shpell pound ;
She pooled his coat-tails down,
She drewd him oonder der wasser,
De maiden mit nodings on.

TO A FRIEND STUDYING GERMAN

Si liceret te amare
Ad Suevorum magnum mare
Sponsam te perducerem.

—*Tristitia Amorosa.* Frau Aventiure
von J. V. Scheffel.

VILL'ST dou learn die Deutsche Sprache?

Denn set it on your card,
Dat all the nouns have shenders,
Und de shenders all are hard.
Dere ish also dings called pronoms,
Vitch id's shoost ash vell to know ;
Boot ach ! de verbs or time-words—
Dey'll work you bitter woe.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?

Denn you allatag moost go
To sinfonies, sonatas,
Or an oratorio.
Vhen you dinks you knows 'pout musik,
More ash any other man,
Be sure de soul of Deutschland
Into your soul ish ran.

6 BREITMANN BALLADS

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache ?
 Dou moost eat apout a peck
 A week, of stinging sauerkraut,
 Und sefen pfoundts of speck.
 Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar,
 Und deuce knows vot in rum :
 Dis ish de only cerdain vay
 To make de accents coom.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache ?
 Brepere dein soul to shtand
 Soosh sendences ash ne'er vas heardt
 In any oder land.
 'Till dou canst make parentheses
 Intwisted—ohne Zahl—
 Dann wirst du erst Deutschfertig seyn,¹
 For a languashe ideál.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache ?
 Du must mitout an fear
 Trink afery tay an gallon dry,
 Of foamin Sherman bier.
 Und de more you trinks, pe certain,
 More Deutsch you'll surely pe ;
 For Gambrinus ish de Emperor
 Of de whole of Germany.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache ?
 Be sholly, brav, und treu,
 For dat veller ish kein Deutscher
 Who ish not a sholly poy.

¹ Then only you will be ready in German.

Find out vot means Gemüthlichkeit,
Und do it mitout fail,
In Sang und Klang dein Lebenlang,¹
A brick—ganz kreuzfidél.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache ?
If a shendleman dou art,
Denn shtrike right indo Deutschland,
Und get a schveetes heart.
From Schwabenland or Sachsen
Where now dis writer pees ;
Und de bretty girls all wachsen
Shoost like aepples on de drees.

Boot if dou bee'st a laty,
Denn on de oder hand,
Take a blonde moustachioed lofer
In de vine green Sherman land.
Und if you shoost kit married
(Vood mit vood soon makes a vire),
You'll learn to sprechen Deutsch mein kind,
Ash fast ash you tesire.

DRESDEN, *January* 1870.

¹ In Music and Song all thy life long.

DER FREISCHÜTZ

AIR—" *Der Pabst lebt,*" &c.

WIE gehts, my frendts—if you'll allow—
I sings you rite afay shoost now
Some dretful shdories vitch dey calls
Der Freyschütz, or de Magic Balls.

Wohl in Bohemian land it cooms,
Vhere folk trink prandy mate of plooms ; ¹
Dere lifed ein Yæger—Maxerl Schmit—
Who shot mit goons und nefer hit.

Now dere vas von oldt Yæger, who
Says, "Maxerl, dis vill nefer do ;
If you shouldt miss on drial-tay,
Dere'll pe der tyfel denn to bay.

"If you do miss, you shtupid coose,
Dere'll pe de donnerwetter loose ;
For you shant hafe mine taughter's hand,
Nor pe der Hertzhog's yægersmann."

Id coomed pefore de tay vas set,
Dat all de shaps togeder met ;
Und Max he fired his goon und missed,
Und all de gals cot roundt und hissed.

¹ Slibovitz.

Dey laughed pefore und hissed pehind ;
Boot von shap—Kaspar—saidt, “ Ton’t mind ;
I dells you vot—you stoons ’em alls
If yoost you shoodt mit magic balls.”

“ De magic balls ! oh, vot is dat ? ”

“ I cot soom in my hoontin’ hat ;
Dey’re plack as kohl, und shoodt so drue :
Oh, dem’s de kindt of balls for you.

“ You see dat eagle vlyin’ high,
Ein hoondred miles oop in de sky ;
Shoot at dat eagle mit your bix,
You kills him tead ash doonderblix ! ”

“ I ton’t pelieve de dings you say.”

“ You fool,” says Kasp, “ denn plaze afay ! ”
He plazed afay, vhen, sure as plood,
Down coom de eagle in de mud.

“ O was ist das ? ” said Maxerl Schmit :

“ Vhy ! dat’s de eagle vot you hit.
You kills him vhen you plaze afay ;
Boot dat’s a ding you nix verstay.

“ Und you moost go to make dem balls
To de Wolf’s Glen vhen mitnight valls.
Dow know’s’t de shpot—alone und late ”—

“ Oh ja—I knows him *ganz* foost-rate !

“ Boot denn I does not like to co
Among dem dings.” Says Kasp, “ Ach, ’sho !
I’ll help you fix dem tyfel chaps,
Like a goot veller—dake some schnapps ! ”

(“Hilf Zamiel! hilf!”)—“Here, dake some more!”

Denn Kasp vent shtompin’ roundt de vloer,
Und coomed his hoompugs ofer Schmit,
Dill Max saidt, “*Nun—ich gehe mit!*”

All in de finster mitternocht,
Vhen oder folk in shleep vas lockt,
Down in de Wolfschlucht, Kasp tid dry
His tyfel-strikes und Hexery.

Mit skools und pones he mate a ring,
De howls und shpooks pegin to sing,
Und all the tyfels oonder croundt
Coom preakin’ loose und rooshin’ roundt.

Denn Maxerl cooms along: says he,
“Mein Gott! vot dings ish dis I see?
I dinks de fery tyfel und all
Moost help to make dem magic ball.

“I vish dat I had *nix cum raus*,
Und shtaid mineself in bett to house.”
“Hilf Zamiel!” cried Kasp; “you whelp—
You red Dootch tyfel—coom und help!”

Denn oop dere coomed a tredfull shdorm,
De todtengrips aroundt tid schvarm;
De howl shoumped oop und flopt his vings
Und toorned his het like avery dings.

Oop droo de croundt dere coomed a pot
Mit leadt, und dings to make de shot;
Und hœllisch fire in grimson plaze,
Und awful schmells like Schweitzer kase.

Agross de scene a pine-shtick flew
Mit seferal shail-pirds vastened to ;
Six treadtful shail-pirds mit deir vings
Tied to de shticks mit magic shtrings.

All droo de air, all in a row,
Die wilde Jagd vas seen to go ;
De hounds und teer all mate of pone,
Und hoonted py a skilleton.

Dere coomed a tredful shpecdre pig,
Who, shpitten' fire afay, tid dig ;
Und fiery drocks und tyfel-shnake
A scootin' droo de air tid preak.

Boot Kaspar tidn't mindt dem alls,
Boot casted out de pullet balls ;
Six vas to go ash he vouldt like,
De sevent' moost for de tyfel shtrike.

Ad last, oopon de drial tay,
De gals cot roundt so nice und gay,
Und denn dey goed und maked a tantz,
Und singed apout de *Jungfernkranz*.

Und denn der Hertshog—dat's der Duke—
Cooms doun und dinks he'll dake a look :
“ Young mans,” to Maxerl denn saidt he,
“ Shoost shoot dem dove oopon dat dree ! ”

Denn Maxerl pointed mit de bix,
“ Potzblitz ! ” says he, “ dat dove I'll fix ! ”
He fired his rifle at de *Taub'*,
When Kass rollt ofer in de *Staub*.

De pride she falled too in de doost,
 De gals dey cried, de men dey coossed :
 Der Hertshog says, " Id's fery glear
 Dat dere has peen some tyfels here !

" Und Max has shot mit tyfels-blei !
 Pfui !—die verfluchte Hexerei !
 O Maximilian ! O Du
 Gehst nit mit rechten Dingen zu ! "

Boot denn a hermits coomed in late ;
 Says he, " I'll fix dese dings foostrate ; "
 Und telled der Hertshog dat yung men
 Vill raise der Tyfel now und denn.

De Duke forgifed de Kaspar dann,
 Und mate of him a Yægersmann,
 Vhat shoodts mit bixen goon, und pfeil,
 Und talks apout de Waidmannsheil.

Und denn de pride she coomed to life,
 Und cot to pe de Maxerl's vife ;
 Denn all de beoples gried, " Hoorah !
 Das ist recht brav ! und hopsasa ! "

MORAL

Py dis dings may pe oondersthood
 Dat vhat is pad vorks ofden goot :
 Or, *Maximilia Maximil-*
 ibus curantur—if you will.

WEIN GEIST

I STOOMPLED oud ov a dafern,
Berauscht mit a gallon of wein,
Und I rooshed along de strassen,
Like a derriple Eberschwein.

Und like a lordly boar-big,
I doomplet de soper folk ;
Und I trowed a shtone droo a shdreed lamp
Und bot' of de classes I proke.

Und a gal vent roonin' bast me,
Like a vild coose on de vings,
Boot I gatch her for all her skreechin'
Und giss her like efery dings.

Und denn mit an board und a parell,
I blay de horse-viddle a biece,
Dill de neighbours shkreem "deat'!" und
"murder!"
Und holler aloudt "bolice!"

Und vhen der crim night wæchter
Says all of dis foon moost shtop,
I oop mit mein oomberella,
Und schlog him ober de kop.

I leaf him like tead on de bavemend,
Und roosh droo a darklin' lane,
Dill moonlighd und tisdand musik,
Pring me roundt to my soul again.

Und I sits all oonder de linden,
De hearts-leaf linden dree;
Und I dink of de quick gevanisht lofe
Dat vent like de vind from me.
Und I voonders in mine dipsyhood,
If a damsel or dream vas she!

Dis life is all a lindens
Mit holes dat show de plue,
Und pedween de finite pranches
Cooms Himmel-light shinin' troo.

De blaetter are raushlin' o'er me,
Und efery leaf ish a fay,
Und dey wait dill de windsbraut comet,
To pear dem in Fall afay.

Denn I coomed to a rock py der rifer,
Vhere a stein ish of harpe form,
—Jahrdausand in, oud, it standet'—
Und nopody blays but pe shtorm.

Here, vonce on a dimes, a vitches,
Soom melodies here peginned,
De harpe ward all zu steine,
Die melodie ward zu wind.

Und so mit dis tox-i-gation,
Vitch hardens de outer Me ;
Ueber stein and schwein, de weine
Shdill harps oud a melodie.

Boot deeper de Ur-lied ringet',
Ober stein und wein und svines,
Dill it endeth vhere all peginnet,
Und alles wird ewig zu eins,
In de dipsy, treamless sloomper
Vhich units de Nichts und Seyns.

Und im Mondenlicht it moormoors,
Und it burns by waken wein,
In Mädchenlieb or Schnapsenrausch
Das Absolut ist dein.

SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSOPEDE

I

PROLOGUE

HERR SCHNITZERL make a ph'losopede,
Von of de pullyest kind ;
It vent mitout a vheel in front,
And hadn't none pehind.
Von vheel vas in de mittel, dough,
And it vent as sure ash ecks,
For he shtraddled on de axel dree,
Mit der vheel petween his lecks.

Und vhen he vant to shtart it off
He paddlet mit his feet,
Und soon he cot to go so vast
Dat efery dings he peat.
He run her out on Broader shtreed,
He shkeeted like der vind,
Hei ! how he bassed de vancy crabs,
And lef dem all pehind !

De vellers mit de trottin nags
Pooled oop to see him bass ;
De Deutschers all erstaunished saidt :
“ *Potztausend ! Was ist das ?* ”

Boot vaster shtill der Schnitzerl flewed
 On—mit a ghastly shmile ;
 He tidn't tooch de dirt, py shings !
 Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis eart'ly pliss ?
 Oh, vot ish man's soocksess ?
 Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings ?
 Und vot is hobbiness ?
 Ve find a pank node in de shtreedt,
 Next dings der pank ish break !
 Ve folls, and knocks our outsides in,
 When ve a ten shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein
 On his philosopede.
 His feet both shlipped outsidevard shoost
 When at his exdra shpeed.
 He felled oopon der vheel of coorse ;
 De vheel like blitzen flew !
 Und Schnitzerl he vos schnitz in vact,
 For it shlished him grod in two.

Und as for his philosopede,
 Id cot so shkared, men say,
 It pounded onward till it vent
 Ganz tyfelwards afay.
 Boot where ish now der Schnitzerl's soul ?
 Where dos his shbirit pide ?
 In Himmel droo de endless plue,
 It takes a medeor ride.

II

HANS BREITMANN AND HIS PHILOSOPHEDE

When Breitmann hear dat Schnitzerl
 Vas quarderred into dwo,
 Und how his crate philosopede
 To 'm tyfel had peen flew,
 He dinked und dinked so heafy,
 Ash only Deutschers can,
 Denn saidt, "Who mightd peliefet
 Dish is de ent of man?"

"De human souls of beoples
 Exisdt in deir idées,
 Und dis of Wolfram Schnitzerl
 Mightd drafel many vays.
 In his *Bestimmung des Menschen*
 Der Fichte makes pelieve,
 Dat ve brogress oon-endtly
 In vhat pehindt ve leave.

"De shparrow falls ground-downvarts
 Or drafels to de West;
 De shparrows dat coom afder,
 Bild shoost de same oldt nest.
 Man had not vings or fedders,
 Und in oder dings, 'tis set,
 He tont coom up to shparrows,
 But on nests he goes ahet.

"O ! vliest dou droo bornin' vorltds,
 Und nebulozer foam,
 By monsdrous mitnight shiant forms,
 Or vhere red tyfels roam ;
 Or vhere de ghosdts of shky-rockets
 Peyond creation flee ?
 Vhere e'er dou art, O Schnitzerlein,
 Crate Saindt ! Look town on me !

"Und deach me how you maket
 Dat crate philosope,de,
 Vhich roon dwice six mals vaster
 Ash any Arap shteed.
 Und deach me how to 'stonish volk,
 Und knock dem oud de shpots.
 Coom pack to eart', O Schnitzerlein,
 Und pring id down to dots ! "

Shoost ash dish vordt vent outvarts,
 Hans dinked he saw a vlash,
 Und oonterwards de dable
 He doompelt mit a crash.
 Und to him, moong de glasses,
 Und pottles ash vas proke,
 Mit his het in a cigar-box,
 A foice from Himmel shpoke :

" *Adsum, Domine Breitmann*
 Herr Copitain, here I pe !
 So dell me rite *honesté*,
Quare inquietasti me ?

*Te video inter spoonibus,
 Et largis glassis too,
 Cerevisia repletis,
 Sicut percussus tonitru ! ”*

Denn Breitmann ansver Schnitzerl ;
*“ Coarctor nimis, see !
 Siquidem Philistiim
 Pugnant adversum me.
 Ergo vocavi te,
 Ash Saul vocavit Sam-
 Uel, ut mi ostenderes
 Quid teufel faciam ? ”*

Denn de shpirit (in Lateinisch)
 Saidt, “ *Bene*, dat’s de talk,
Non habes in hoc shanty,
 A shingle *et* some chalk ?
Non video inkum nec calamos
 (I shpose some bummer shdole ’em),
Levate oculos tuos, son,
Et aspice ad linteolum ! ”

Denn Breitmann see de biece of chalk
 Vhich riset vrom de vloer,
 Und signed a fine philosopede
 Alone, oopon de toor.
 De von dat Schnitzerl fobricate,
 Und oonderneat’ he see :
Probate inter equites
 (Try dis in de cavallrie).

Der Breitmann shtood oop from de vloer,
 Und leanet on a post ;
 Und saidt : " If dis couldt, shouldt hafe peen,
 Dat vouldt, mighdt peen a ghosdt ;
 Boot if id pe nouomenon,
 Phenomenoned indeed,
 Or de soobyectif obyectified,
 I'fe cot de philosophede."

Denn out he seekt a plackschmit,
 Ash vork in iron-steel,
 To make him a philosopede
 Mit shoost an only vheel.
 De dings vas maket simple,
 Ash all crate idées shouldt pe,
 For 'tvas noding boot a gart-vheel,
 Mit a dwo-feet axel dree.

De dimes der Breïtmann doomple,
 In learnin' for to ride,
 Vas ofdener ash de sand-crains
 Dat rollen in de tide.
 De dimes he cot oopsettet,
 In shdeerin' left und righdt,
 Vas ofdener ash de cleamin' shdars,
 Dat shtud de shky py night.

Boot de vorstest of de veadures
 In dis von-vheel horse, you pet,
 Ish dat man couldt go so nicely,
 Pefore he get oopset.

Some dimes he co like plazes,
 Und doorn her, extra-fine;
 Und denn shlop ofer—dis is vot
 Hafe kill der Schnitzerlein.

Soosh droples ash der Breitmann hafe,
 To make dis 'vention go,
 Vas nefer seen py mordal man,
 Oopon dis vorldt pelow.
 He doomplet righdt—he doomplet left,
 He hafe a dousand doomps;
 Dere nefer vas a gricket ball
 Ash get soosh 'fernal boomps.

Boot—ash he'd shvearet he'd poot it droo,
 He shvear't it moost pe tone;
 Dough he schimpft' und flucht' *gar lästerlich*,
 He visht he't ne'er pegun.
 Mit "Hagel! Blitz! Kreuz-sakrament!"
 He maket de Houser ring,
 Und vish der Schnitzerl vas in hell,
 For deachin' him dis ding.

Nun-goot! At lasht he cot it,
 Und peautifool he goed,
 "Dis day," saidt he, "I'll 'stonish folk
 A ridin' in de road.
 Dis day, py shings! I'll do it,
 Und knock dings oud of sight:"—
 Ach weh!—for Breitemann dat day
 Vas not be-markt mit white.

De noombers of de Deutsche volk,
 Dat coomed dis sighdt to see,
 I dink, in soper earnst-hood,
 Mighdt not ge-reckonet pe.
 For miles dey shtoodt along de road,
 Mein Gott!—boot dey wer'n dry;
 Dey trinket den lager-bier shops out,
 Pefore der Hans coom py.

Vhen all at vonce drementous gries
 De fery coondry shook,
 Und beoples shkreemt, "Da ist er!—Schau!
 Here cooms der Breitmann, look!"
 Mein Gott! vas efer soosh a sighdt!
 Vas efer soosh a gry!
 Vhen like a brick-pat in a vighdt,
 Der Breitemann roosh py?

Oh mordal man! Vhy ish idt, dou
 Hast passion to go vast?
 Vhy ish id dat te tog und horse
 Likes shbeed too quick to lasht?
 De pugs, de pirds, de pumple-pees,
 Und all dat ish, 'tvouldt seem
 Ish nefer hobby boot, exsepdt,
 Vhen pilin' on de shdeam.

Der Breitmann flew! Von mighdy gry
 Ash he vent scootin' bast;
 Von derriple, drementous yell;—
 Dat day de virst—und lasht.

Vot ha! Vot ho! Vhy ish it dus?
 Vhot makes dem shdare aghasht?
 Vhy cooms dat vail of vild deshbaire?
 Ish somedings cot ge-shmasht?

Yea, efen so. Yea, ferily,
 Shbeak, soul!—it ish dy biz!
 Der Breitmann shkeet so vast along
 Dey fairly heard him whizz.
 Vhen shoost oopon a hill-top point
 It caught a pranch ge-bent,
 Und like an apple from a shling,
 Afay Hans Breitmann vent.

Vent droo de air an hoondert feet
 Allowin' more or lees:—
 Denn, *pob—pob—pob*—a mile or dwo
 He rollet along—I guess.
 Say—hast dou seen a gannon ball
 Half shpent, shtill poundin' on,
 Like made of gummi-lasticum?—
 So vent der Breitemann.

Dey bick him oop—dey pring him in,
 No wort der Breitmann shboke.
 Der doktor look—he shwear erstaunt
 Dat nodings ish peen proke.
 “He rollet de rocky road entlang,
 He pounce o'er shtock und shtone,
 You'd dink he'd knocked his outsites in,
 Yet nefer preak a pone!”

All shtill Hans lay, bevilderfied ;
 He seemt not mind de shaps,
 Nor mofed oontil der medicus
 Hafe dose him vell mit schnapps.
 De schmell voke oop de boetry
 Of tays vhen he vas yoong,
 Und he murmulde de fragmends
 Of an sad romantish song :

“ Ash sommer pring de roses
 Und roses pring de dew,
 So Deutschland gifes de maidens
 Who fetch de bier for you.
 Komm Maidelein! rothe Waengelein !
 Mit wein-glass in your paw !
 Ve'll get troonk among de roses,
 Und pe soper on de shtraw !

“ Ash vinter pring de ice-wind
 Vitch plow o'er Burg und hill,
 Hard times pring in de landlord,
 Und de landlord pring the pill.
 Boot sing Maidelein—rothe Waengelein !
 Mit wein-glass in your paw !
 Ve'll get troonk among de roses,
 Und pe soper on de shtraw ! ”

Dey dook der Breitmann homewarts,
 Boot efer on de vay
 He nefer shpeaket no man,
 Und nodings else couldt say,

Boot, "Maidelein—rothe Waengelein!
 Mit wein-glass in her paw,
 Ve'll get troonk among de roses,
 Und pe soper on de shtraw!"

Dey laid der Hans im bette,
 Peneat' de eider doun,
 Und sembelet all de doktors
 Who doktor in de town,—
 Dat ish, de Deutsche Aertzte,—
 For Breitmann always says,
 De Deutschers ish de onlies
 Mit originell idées.

Der vas Doktor Moritz Schlinkenschlag,
 Dat vork ash Caféopath,
 Und de learned Cobus Schoepfskopf,
 Who use de milchy bath;
 Und Korschaltitschky aus Boehmen,
 Vhat cure mit slibovitz,
 Und Wechselbalg, der Preusse,
 Who only 'tend to fits.

Dere vas Strobbich aus Westfalen,
 Who mofe all eart'ly ills
 Mit concentrirter Schinken juice,
 Und Pumpernickel pills.
 Und a bier-kur man from Munich,
 Und a grape-curist from Rhein,
 Und von who shkare tiseases
 Mit a dose of Schlesier-wein.

So dey meet in consooldation,
 Mit Doktor Winkeleck,
 Who proctise "renovation"
 Mit sauer-kraut und speck.
 Und dat no man shouldt pe shlightet,
 Or dreatet ash a tunce,
 Dey 'greed to dry deir sysdems
 Oopon Breitmann—all at vonce.

Dat ish, mit de exsception
 Of gifin' Schlesier-wein:
 For de remedy vas dangerfull
 For von who trink from Rhein.
 Ash der Teufel vonce deklaret,
 Vhen he taste it on a shpree,
 Dat a man, to trink soosh liquor,
 Moost a porn Silesian pe.

So dey all vent los at Breitmann,
 Und woonderfool to dell,
 He coom to his Gesundheit,
 Und pooty soon cot vell.
 Some hinted at *Natura*,
 Mit her olt *vis sanatrix*,
 Boot eash doktor shvore he curet him,
 Und de rest vere taugenix.

I know not vot der Breitmann
 More newly has pegun;
 Boot dey say he talks day-dayly
 Mit Dana of de *Sun*.

Dey talk in Deutsch togeder,
Und volk say de end vill be,
Philosopedal shanges
In de Union Cavallrie.

Gott helf de howlin' safage !
Gott helf de Indi-án !
Shouldt Breitmann shoin his forces
Mit Sheneral Sheridan !
Und denn, to sing his braises,
I'll write anoder lied :
Hier hat dis dale an ende,
Of Breitmann's Philosopede !

BREITMANN IN BATTLE

“TUNC TAPFRE AUSFUHRERE STREITUM ET RITTRIS
DIGNUM POTUERE ERIAGERE LOBUM.”

“Hiltibraht enti Hadubrant.”

DER FADER UND DER SON¹

I DINKS I'll go a vightin'”—outshpoke der
Breitemann,

“It's eighdeen hoonderd forty-eight since I
kits swordt in hand ;

Des fourdeen years mit Hecker all roostin' I
haf been,

Boot now I kicks der Teufel oop and goes for
sailin' in.”

“If you go land out-ridin',” said Caspar Pickle-
tongue,

“Foost ding you knows you cooms across some
repels prave and young,

¹ This ballad is a parody of Das Hildebrandslied. Consult Wackernagel's Lesebuch, and Das kleine Heldenbuch.

‘Ich vill zum Land ausreiten,
Sprach sich Maister Hildeprand.”

30 BREITMANN BALLADS

Away down Sout' in 'Tixey, dey'll split you
like a clam"—

"For dat," spoke out der Breitmann, "I doos
not gare one tam!

"Who der Teufel pe's de repels, und vhere
dey kits deir sass?

If dey make a run on Breitmann he'll soon let
out de gas;

I'll shplit dem like kartoffels; I'll schlog em
on de kop;

I'll set de plackguarts roonin' so, dey don't
know vhere to shtop."

Und den outshpoke der Breitmann, mit his
schlaeger py his side:

"Forvarts, my pully landsmen! it's dime to
run and ride;

Vill riden, vill vighten—der Copitain I'll pe,
It's sporn und horn und saddle now—all in de
Cavallrie!"

Und ash dey rode droo Vinchesder, so herrlich
to be seen,

Dere coomed some repel cavallrie a riden' on
de creen;

Mit a sassy repel Dootchman—an colonel in
gommand,

Says he, "Vot Teufel makes you here in dis
mein Faderland?

" You're dressed oop like a shentleman mit your
 plackguart Yankee crew,
 You mudsills and meganics ! Der Teufel put
 you droo !
 Old Yank, you ought to shtay at home und
 dake your liddle horn,
 Mit some oldt voomans for a noorse"—der
 Breitmann laugh mit shkorn.

" Und should I trink mein lager beer und roost
 mine self to home ?
 I'fe got too many dings like you to mash
 beneat' my thoom :
 In many a fray und fierce foray dis Dootchman
 will be feared
 Pefore he stops dis vightin' trade—'twas dere
 he grayed his peard."

" I pools dat peard out py de roots—I gifes
 him such a dwist
 Dill all de plood roons out, you tanned old
 Apolitionist !
 Your creenpacks, mit your swordt und vatch,
 right ofer you moost shell,
 Und den you goes to Libby straight—und after
 dat to h-ll ! "

" Mein creenpacks and mein schlaeger, I kits
 'em in New York,
 To gife dem up to creenhorns, young man, is
 not de talk ; "

32 BREITMANN BALLADS

De heroes shtopped deir sassin' here und grossed
 deir sabres dwice,
 Und de vay dese Deutschers vent to vork vos
 von pig ding on ice.

Der younger fetch de older such a gottallmachty
 shmack
 Der Breitmann dinks he really hears his skool
 go shplit and crack ;
 Der repel shoomps dwelfe paces back, und so he
 safe his life :
 Der Breitmann says : " I guess dem shoomps,
 you learns dem of your vife."

" If I should learn of vomans I dinks it vere a
 shame,
 Bei Gott I am a shentleman, aristograt, and
 game.
 My fader vos anoder—I lose him fery young—
 Der Teufel take your soul ! Coom on ! I'll split
 your vaggin' tongue ! "

A Yankee drick der Breitmann dried—dat oldt
 gray-pearded man—
 For ash the repel raised his swordt, beneat' dat
 sword he ran.
 All roundt der shlim yoong repel's vaist his arms
 oldt Breitmann pound,
 Und shlunged him down oopon his pack and
 laidt him on der ground.

“Who rubs against olt kittle-pots may keep
 white—if he can,
 Say vot you dinks of vightin’ now mit dis oldt
 shentleman?
 Your dime is oop; you got to die, und I your
 breest vill pe;
 Peliev’st dou in Morál Ideas? If so, I lets
 you free.”¹

“I don’t know nix apout ideas—no more dan
 ’pout Saint Paul,
 Since I’fe peen down in Tixey I kits no books
 at all;
 I’m greener ash de clofer-grass; I’m shtupid
 as a shpoon;
 I’m ignoranter ash de nigs—for dey takes de
Tribune.

“Mein fader’s name vas Breitmann, I heard
 mein mutter say,
 She read de bapers dat he died after she rooned
 afay;
 Dey say he leaf some broperty—berhaps ’tvas
 all a sell—
 If I could lay mein hands on it I likes it mighty
 vell.”

¹ The Republicans in America were for a long time ridiculed by their opponents as if professing to be guided by Moral Ideas, *i.e.* Emancipation, Progress, Harmony of Interests, &c.

34 BREITMANN BALLADS

“Und vas dy fader Breitmann? *Bist du* his
kit und kin?”

Denn know dat *ich* der Breitmann dein lieber
Vater bin?”

Der Breitmann pooled his hand-shoe off und
shooked him py de hand;

“Ve’ll hafe some trinks on strengt’ of dis—or
else may I pe tam’d!”

“Oh! fader, how I shlog your kop,” der
younger Breitmann said;

“I’d den dimes sooner had it coom right down
on mein own headt!”

“Oh, never mind—dat soon dry oop—I shticks
him mit a blaster;

If I had shpilt you like a fish, dat vere an vorse
tisasder.”

Dis fight did last all afternoon—*wohl* to de
fesper tide,

Und droo de streets of Vinchesder, der Breit-
mann he did ride,

Vot vears der Breitmann on his hat? De ploom
of fictory!

Who’s dat a ridin’ py his side? “Dis here’s
mein son,” says he.

How stately rode der Breitmann oop!—how
lordly he kit down!

How glorious from de great *pokal* he drink de
beer so prawn!

BREITMANN IN BATTLE 35

But der Yunger bick der parrel oop und schwig
him all at one.

“Bei Gott! dat settles all dis dings—I *know*
dou art mein son!”

Der one has got a fader; de oder found a child.
Bofe ride oopon one war-path now in pattle
fierce und vild.

It makes so glad our hearts to hear dat dey did
so succeed—

Und damit hat sein Ende DES JUNGEN BREIT-
MANN'S LIED.

BREITMANN IN MARYLAND

DER BREITMANN mit his gompany
Rode out in Marylandt.
“Dere’s nix to trink in dis countrie ;
Mine droat’s as dry as sand.
It’s light canteen und haversack,
It’s hoonger mixed mit doorst ;
Und if ve had some lager beer
I’d trink oontil ve boorst.
Gling, glang, gloria !
Ve’d trink oontil I boorst.

“Herr Leut’nant, take a dozen men,
Und ride dis land around !
Herr Feldwebel, go foragin’
Dill somedings goot is found.
Gotts-donder ! men, go ploonder !
Ve hafn’t trinked a bit
Dis fourdeen hours ! If I had beer
I’d sauf oontil I shplit !
Gling, glang, gloria !
Ve’d sauf oontil ve shplit ! ”

At mitternacht a horse’s hoofs
Coom rattlin’ droo de camp ;
“Rouse dere !—coom rouse der house dere !
Herr Copitain—ve moost tromp !

De scouds have found a repel town,
 Mit repel davern near,
 A repel keller in de cround,
 Mit repel lager beer ! !
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 All fool of lager beer ! ”

Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth !
 How Breitmann broked de bush !
 “ O let me see dat lager beer !
 O let me at him rush !
 Und is mein sabre sharp und true,
 Und is mein var-horse goot ?
 To get one quart of lager beer
 I'd shpill a sea of plood.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 I'd shpill a sea of plood.

“ Fuenf hoonderd repels hold de down,
 One hoonderd strong are ve ;
 Who gares a tam for all de odds
 Vhen men so dirsty pe.”
 And in dey smashed and down dey crashed,
 Like donder-polts dey fly,
 Rash fort as der vild yæger cooms
 Mit blitzen droo de shky.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Like blitzen droo de shky.

How flewed to rite, how flewed to left
 De moundains, drees, und hedge ;
 How left und rite de yæger corps
 Vent donderin' droo de pridge.

38 BREITMANN BALLADS

Und splash und splosh dey ford de
shtream

Vhere not some pridges pe :
All dripplin' in de moondlight peam
Stracks vent de cavallrie.

Gling, glang, gloria !
Der Breitmann's cavallrie.

Und hoory, hoory, on dey rote,
Oonheedin' vet or try ;
Und horse und rider shnort and blowed,
Und shparklin' bepples fly.
Ropp ! Ropp ! I shmell de parley-prew !
Dere's somedings goot ish near.
Ropp ! Ropp ! I scent de kneiperei ;
Ve've got to lager beer !
Gling, glang, gloria !
Ve've got to lager beer !

Hei ! dow de carpine pullets klined
Oopon de helmets hart !
Oh, Breitmann—how dy sabre ringed ;
Du alter Knasterbart !
De contrapands dey sing for shoy
To see de rebs go down,
Und hear der Breitmann grimly gry :
Hoorah ! ve've dook de down.
Gling, glang, gloria !
Victoria, victoria !
De Dootch have dook de down.

Mid shout and crash and sabre flash,
 And wild husaren shout
 De Dootchmen boorst de keller in,
 Und rolled de lager out ;
 Und in the coorlin' powder shmoke,
 While shtill de pullets sung,
Dere shtood der Breitmann, axe in hand,
 A knockin' out de boong.
 Gling, glang, gloria !
 Victoria ! Encoria !
 De shpicket beats de boong.

Gotts ! vot a shpree der Breitmann had
 While yet his hand was red,
 A trinkin' lager from his poots
 Among de repel tead.¹
 'Twas dus dey vent at mitternight
 Along der moundain side ;

¹ The boot was a favourite drinking cup during the Middle Ages. The writer has seen a boot-shaped mug, bearing the inscription—

“ Wer . sein . Stiefel . nit . trinken . kan .
 Der . ist . fürwahr . kein . Teutscher . man.”

There is an allusion to this boot-cup in Longfellow's “Golden Legend,” where mention is made of a jolly companion

——“ who could pull
 At once a postillion's jack-boot full,
 And ask with a laugh, when that was done,
 If they could not give him the other one.”

40 BREITMANN BALLADS

'Tvas dus dey help make history !
Dis vas der Breitmann's ride.
Gling, glang, gloria !
Victoria ! Victoria !
Cer'visia, encoria !
De treadful mitnight ride
Of Breitmann's vild Freischarlinger,
All famous, broad, und vide.

BREITMANN AS A BUMMER

DER SHENERAL SHERMAN holts oop on his coorse,
He shtops at de gross-road und reins in his
horse.

“Dere’s a ford on de rifer dis day we moost
dake,

Or elshe de grand army in bieces shall
preak !”

Vhen shoost ash dis vord from his lips had gone
bast,

There coomed a young orterly gallopin’ fast,
Who gry mit amazement : “Herr Shen’ral !
Goot Lord !

*Dat Bummer der Breitmann ish holdin’ der
ford !”*

Der Shen’ral he ooterred no hymn und no psalm,
But opened his lips und he priefly say
“D ——n !

Dere moost hafe been viskey on dat side der
rifer ;

To get it dose shaps vould set hell in a shiver ;
But now dat day hold it, ride quick to deir aid :

Ho, Sickles ! move promp’ly, send down a
prigade !

Dat Dootchman moost vork mighty hard mit
his sword

If againsd a whole army he holds to de
ford."

Dey spooed on, dey hoory'd on, gallopin'
shtraight,

But for Breitmann help coomed shoost a
liddle too late,

For as de Lauwiné goes smash mit her pound,
So on to de Bummers de repels coom
down :

Heinrich von Schinkenstein's tead in de road,
Dieterich Hinkelbein's flat as a toad ;

Und Sepperl—Tyroler—shpoke nefer a vord,
But shoost "*Mutter Gottes !*" und died in de
ford.

Itsch'l of Innspruck ish drilled droo de hair,
Einer aus Böblingen¹—he too vash dere—

Karli of Karlisruh's shot near de fence
(His horse vash o'erloadet mit toorkies und
hens),

Und dough he like a ravin' mad cannibal fought
Yet der Breitmann—der capt'n—der hero
vash caught ;

¹ The German equivalent for a native of Little Pedlington. It is a Suabian joke, commemorated in a popular song, to inquire in foreign and remote regions, "Is there any good fellow from Böblingen here?"

Und de last dings ve saw, he vas tied mit a
 cord,
 For de repels had goppled him oop at de
 ford.

Dey shtripped off his goat und skyugled his
 poots,
 Dey dressed him mit rags of a repel re-
 cruits ;
 But von gray-haared oldt veller shmiled crimly
 und bet
 Dat Breitmann vouldt pe a pad egg for dem
 yet.
 "He has more on his pipe¹ as dem vellers
 allows,
 He has cardts yet in hand und *das Spiel ist*
nicht aus,
 Dey'll find dat dey took in der Teufel to board,
 De day dey pooled Breitmann vell ofer de
 ford."

In de Bowery each beer-haus mit crape vas
 oopdone,
 Vhen dey read in de papers dat Breitmann
 vas gone ;
 Und de Dootch all cot troonk oopon lager und
 wein,
 At the great Trauer-fest of de Turner Verein.

¹ "Sonst etwas auf dem Rohr haben"—something
 else on the pipe or tube—meaning a plan or idea,
 kept to one's self, is a German proverbial expression,
 which occurs in one of Langbein's humorous lyrics.

44 BREITMANN BALLADS

Dere vas wein-en mit weinen ven beoplesh did
dink

Dat Sherman's great Sharman cood nefer more
trink.

Und in Villiam Shtreet veepin' und vailen' vas
hoor'd,

Pecause der Hans Breitmann vas lost at de
ford.

SECOND PART

In dulce jubilo now ve all sings,
A-vaifin' de panners like efery dings.
De preeze droo de bine-trees ish cooler und salt,
Und der Shen'ral is merry venefer ve halt ;
Loosty und merry he schmells at de preeze,
Lustig und heiter he looks droo de drees,
Lustig und heiter ash vell he may pe,
For Sherman, at last, has marched down to
the sea.

Dere's a gry from de quart—dere's a clotter und
dramp,
When dat fery same orterly rides droo de camp
Who report on de ford. Dere ish droples and
awe

In de face of de youf' apout somedings he saw ;
Und he shpeak me in Fræntsch, like he always
do : “ Look !

Sagre pleu ! fentre Tieu !—dere ish Breitmann
—his spook !

He ish goming dis vay ! *Nom de garce !*¹ can
it pe

Dat de spooks of de tead men coom down to
de sea ! ”

¹ “ *Nom de garce*,” as an anagram of *nom de grace*,
occurs in Rabelais.

46 BREITMANN BALLADS

Und ve looks, und ve sees, und ve tremples mit
tread,

For risin' all swart on the efenin' red
Vas Johannes—der Breitmann—der war es, bei
Gott !

Coom ridin' to oos-ward, right shtraight to de
shpot !

All mouse-still ve shtood, yet mit oop-shoompin'
hearts,

For he look shoost so pig as de shiant of de
Hartz ;

Und I heard de Sout Deutschers say “ Ave
Morie !

Braise Gott all goot shpirids py land und py
sea ! ”

Boot Itzig of Frankfort he lift oop his nose,
Und be-mark dat de shpook hat peen changin'
his clothes,

For he seemed like an Generalissimus drest
In a vlamín' new coat und magnificent vest.

Six bistols beschlagen mit silber he vore,
Und a cold mounded swordt like a Kaiser he
bore,

Und ve dinks dat de ghosdt—or votever he pe—
Moost hafe proken some panks on his vay to
de sea.

“ Id is he ! ” “ *Und er lebt noch !* ” he lifes, ve
all say :

“ Der Breitmann—Oldt Breitmann ! —Hans
Breitmann ! *Herr Jeſu !* ”

BREITMANN AS A BUMMER 47

Und ve roosh to emprace him, und shtill more
ve find

Dat vherefer he'd peen, he'd left noding
pehind.

In bofe of his poots dere vas porte-moneys
crammed,

Mit creen-packs stoof full all his haversack
jammed,

In his bockets cold dollars vere shinglin' deir
doons

Mit dwo doozen votches und four dozen
shpoons,

Und dwo silber tea-pods for makin' his dea,

Der ghosdt hafe pring mit him, *en route* to
de sea.

Mit goot sweed-botatoes, und doorkies, und rice,

Ve makes him a sooper of efery dings nice.

Und de bummers hoont roundt apout, *alle wie ein*,

Dill dey findt a plantaschion mit parrels of
wein.

Den t'vas "Here's to you, Breitmann! Alt
Schwed¹—*bist zurück?*"

Vot teufels you makes since dis fourteen
nights veek?"

Und ve holds von shtupendous and derriple
shpree

For shoy dat der Breitmann has got to de sea.

¹ An expression only used in reference to seeing again some jolly old friend after long absence—"Uns kommt der alte Schwed."

48 BREITMANN BALLADS

But in fain tid we ashk vhere der Breitmann
hat peen,

Vot he tid; vot he pass droo—or vot he
might seen?

Vhere he kits his vine horse, or who gafe him
dem woons,

Und how Brovidence plessed him mit tea-
pods und shpoons?

For to all of dem queerries he only reblied,

“If you dells me no quesdions, I ashks you
no lies!”

So 'twas glear dat some derriple mysh'dry
moost pe

Vhere he kits all dat ploonder he prings to
de sea.

Dere ish bapers in Richmond dells derriple lies
How Sherman's grand armee hafe raise deir
soopies:

For ve readt *in brindt* dat der Sheneral Grant

Say de bummers hafe only shoost take vat
dey vant.

But 'tis vhispered dat vwhile a refolfer'll go round

Der BREITMANN vill nefer a peggin' be found;
Or shtarvin' ash brisner—by doonder!—not he,
Vwhile der Teufel could help him to ged to
de sea.

BREITMANN'S GOING TO CHURCH

D'vas near de state of Nashfille,
In de town of Tennessee,
Der Breitmann vonce vas quarderd
Mit all his cavallrie.
Der Sheneral kept him glose in gamp,
He wouldn't let dem go ;
Dey couldn't shdeal de first plack hen,
Or make de red cock crow.

Und virst der Breitmann crimly shmiled,
Und denn he madly shvore ;
“Crate h—I, mit shpoons und shinsherbread,
Can *dis* pe makin war ?
Verdammt pe all der discipline !
Verdammt der Shenerál !
Vere I vonce on de road, his will,
Vere wurst mir und egâl.¹

¹ *Wurst*, literally sausage, is used by German students to signify indifference. When a sausage is on the table, and one is asked with mock courtesy which part he prefers, he naturally replies—“Why, it is all sausage to me.” I have heard an elderly man in New England reply to the query whether he would have “black meat or breast”—“Any part, thank 'ee—I guess it's *all turkey*.” There are, of

“ Oh vhere ish all de plazin roofs
Dat claddened vonce mine eyes ?
Und vhere de crand plantaschions
Vhere ve gaddered many a brize ?
Und vhere de plasted shpies ve hung
A howlin loud mit fear ?
Und vhere de rascal push-whackers
Ve shashed like vritened deer ?

“ De roofs are shtandin fast and firm
Mit repels blottin oonder ;
De crand blantaschions lie round loose
For Morgan’s men to ploonder !
De shpies go valkin out und in,
Ash sassy ash can pe ;
Und in de voods de push-whackers
Are makin foon of me !

“ Oh vere I on my schimmel grey
Mein sabre in mein hand,
Dey should drack me py de ruins
Of de houses troo de land.

course, divers ancient and quaint puns in Pennsylvania on such a word as *wurst*. Thus it is said that a northern pedlar, in being served with some sausage of an inferior quality, was asked again if he would have some of the *wurst*. Not understanding the word, and construing it as a slight, he replied to his hostess—“No, thank you, marm, this is quite bad enough.” The literal meaning of this line, which is borrowed from Scheffel’s poem of Perkéo, is, “indifferent, and equal, to me.”

Dey should drack me py de puzzards
High sailen ofer head,
A vollowin der Breitmann's trail
To claw de repel dead."

Outspoke der bold Von Stossenheim,
Who had théories of Gott :
"O Breitmann, dis ish shoodgement on
De vays dat you hafe trot.
You only lifes to joy yourself,
Yet you, yourself moost say,
Dat self-defelopment requires
De réligiös Idée."

Dey sat dem down und argued id,
Like Deutschers vree from fear,
Dill dey schmoke ten pfounds of knaster,
Und drinked drei fass of bier.
Der Breitmann go py Schopenhauer,
Boot Veit he had him denn ;
For he dook him on de angles
Of de moral oxygen.

Der Breitmann 'low, dat 'penitence,
Ish known in efery glime,
Und dat to grin und bear it
Vas healty und sooplime.
"For mine Sout German Catolicks,
Id vas pe goot, I know ;
Likevise dem Nordland Luterans,
If vonce to shoorsh dey go.

“ Boot how vas id mit oders,
Who dinks philosophie ?
I don’t begreif de matter.”
Said Stossenheim : “ Denn see.
De more dat shoorsch disgooستet you,
Und make despise und bain,
De crater merid ish to go,
Und de crater ish your gain.

“ I know a liddle shoorsch mineself,
Oopon de Bole Jack road :
(De rebs vonce shot dree Federals dere,
Ash into shoorsch dey goed.)
Dere you might make a bilcrimage,
Und do id in a tay :
Gott only knows vot dings you might
Bick oop, oopon de vay.”

Denn oop dere shpoke a contrapand,
Vas at de tent id’s toor—
“ Dere’s twenty bar’ls of whiskey, hid,
In dat tabernacle, shore.
A rebel he done gone and put
It in de cellar, true,
No libin man dat secret knows,
’Cept only me an’ you.”

Der Stossenheim, he grossed himself,
Und knelt peside de fence,
Und gried : “ O Coptain Breitmann, see,
Die finger Providence.”

Der Breitmann doed his hat afay,
Says he, "Pe't hit or miss,
I'fe heard of miragles pefore,
Boot none so hunk ash dis."

"Wohlauf mine pully cafaliers,
Ve'll ride to shoorsch to-day,
Each man ash hasn't cot a horse
Moost shtéal one, rite afay.
Dere's a raw, green corps from Michigan,
Mit horses on de loose,
You men ash wants some hoof-irons,
Look out und crip deir shoes."

All brooshed und fixed, de cavallrie
Rode out py moonen shine,
De cotton fields in shimmerin light,
Lay white as elfenbein.
Dey heard a shot close py Lavergne,
Und men who rode afay,
In de road a-velterin in his plood,
A Federal picket lay.

Und all dat he hafe dimes to say,
"Vhile shtandin at my post,
De guerillas got first shot at me,"
Und so gafe oop de ghost.
Denn a contrapand, who helt his head,
Said: "Sah—dose grillers all
Is only half a mile from hy'ar,
A dancin at a ball."

54 BREITMANN BALLADS

Der Breitmann shpoke and brummed it out
 Ash if his heart tid schvell :
 "I'll gife dem music at dat pall
 Vill tantz dem indo hell."
 Hei!—arrow-fast—a teufel's ride!
 De plack man led de vay,
 Dey reach de house—dey see de lights—
 Dey heard de fiddle blay.

Dey nefer vaited for a word
 Boot galloped from de gloom,
 Und, bang!—a hoonderd carpine shots
 Dey fired indo de room.
 Oop vent de groans of vounded men,
 De fittlin died away :
 Boot some of dem vere tead pefore
 De music ceased to blay.

Denn crack und smack coom scotterin shots
 Troo vindow und troo door,
 Boot bang and clang de Germans gife
 Anoder volley more.
 "Dere—let 'em shlide. Right file to shoorsh!"
 Aloudt de orders ran.
 "I kess I paid dem for dat shot,"
 Shpeak grim der Breitemann.

All rosen red de mornin fair
 Shone gaily o'er de hill,
 All violet plue de shky crew teep
 In rifer, pond, und rill ;

All cloudy grey de limeshtone rocks
 Coom oop troo dimmerin wood ;
 All shnowy vite in mornin light
 De shoorsch pefore dem shtood.

“ Now loudet vell de organ, oop,
 To drill mit solemn fear ;
 Und ring also dat Lumpenglock
 To pring de beoples here.
 Und if it prings guerillas down,
 Ve’ll gife dem, py de Lord,
 De low-mass of de sabre, and
 De high-mass of de cord.¹

“ Du, Eberlé aus Freiburg,
 Du bist ein Musikant,
 Top-sawyer on de counterpoint
 Und buster in discánt,
 To dee de soul of musik
 All innerly ish known,
 Du canst mit might fullenden
 De art of orgel-ton.

“ Derefore, a Miserére
 Vilt dou, be-ghostet, spiel,
 Und vake be-raiséd yearnin,
 Also a holy feel :—

¹ It was, I believe, Ragnar Lodbrog who, in his Death Song, spoke, about as intelligently and clearly as Herr Breitmann, of a mass of weapons.

Pe referent, men—rememper
 Dis ish a Gottenhaus—
 Du Conrad—go along de aisles
 Und schenk de whiskey aus ! ”

Dey blay crate dings from Mozart,
 Beethoven, und Méhul,
 Mit chorals of Sebastian Bach
 Sooplime and peaudiful.
 Der Breitmann feel like holy saints,
 De tears roon down his fuss;
 Und he sopped out, “ Gott verdammich—dis
 Ish wahres Kunstgenuss ! ” ¹

Der Eberlé blayed oop so high,
 He maket de rafters ring;
 Der Eberlé blayed lower, und
 Ve heardt der Breitmann sing
 Like a dronin wind in piney woods,
 Like a nightly moanin sea:
 Ash de dinked on Sonntags long ago
 Vhen a poy in Germany.

Und louder und mit louder tone
 High oop de orgel blowed,
 Und plentifuller efer yet
 Around de whiskey goed.
 Dey singed ash if mit singin, dey
 Might indo Himmel win :—
 I dink in all dis land soosh shprees
 Ash yet hafe nefer peen.

¹ Is true art-enjoyment.

Vhen in de Abendsonnenschein,
Mit doost-clouds troo de door,
All plack ash night in golden lighdt
Dere shtood ein schwartzer Mohr,
Dat contrapand so wild und weh,
Mit eye-palls glaring roun,
Who cried, "For Gott's sake, hoory oop!
De reps ish gomin down!"

Und while he yet was shpeakin,
A far-off soundt pegan,
Down rollin from de moundain
Of many a ridersmann.
Und vwhile de waves of musik
Vere rollin o'er deir heads,
Dey heard a foice a schkreemin,
"Pile out of thar, you Feds!"

"For we uns ar' a comin
For to guv to you uns fits,
And knock you into brimstun
And blast you all to bits"——
Boot ere it done ids shpeakin,
Der vas order in de band,
Ash Breitmann, mit an awfool stin
Out-dondered his gommand.

Und ash fisch-hawk at a mackarel
Doth make a splurigin flung,
Und ash eagles dab de fish-hawks
Ash if de gods vere young,

So from all de doors and vindows,
Like shpiders down deir webs
De Dootch went at deir horses,
Und de horses at de rebs.

Crate shplendors of de treadful
Vere in dat pattle rush,
Crate vights mit swords und carpine,
Py efery fence and bush.
Ash panter's vight mit crislies
In famished morder fits—
For de rebs vere mad ash boison,
Und de Dootch vere droonk ash blitz.

Yet vild ash vas dis pattle,
So quickly vas it o'er,
O, vhy moost I forefer
Pestain mine page mit gore?
Py liddle und py liddle
Dey drawed demselves afay,
Oft toornin' round to vighthen
Like boofaloes at bay.

De scatterin shots grew fewer,
De scatterin gries more shlow.
Und furder troo de forest
Ve heard dem vainter grow.
Ve gife von shout—"Victoria!"
Und denn der Breitmann said,
Ash he wiped his ploody sabre:
"Now, poys, count oop your dead!"

Oh small had been our shoutin
 For shoy, if ve had known
 Dat der Stossenheim im oaken wald,
 Lay dyin all alone.
 While his oldt vhte horse mit droopin het
 Look dumbly on him doun,
 Ash if he dinked, "Vy lyeest dou here
 While fightin's goin on?"

Und dreams coom o'er de soldier
 Slow dyin on de eart;
 Of a schloss afar in Baden,
 Of his mutter, und nople birt!
 Of poverty and sorrow,
 Which drofe him like de wind,
 Und he sighed, "Ach weh for de lofed ones,
 Who wait so far pehind!"

"Wohl auf, my soul o'er de moundains!
 Wohl auf—well ofer de sea!
 Dere's a frau dat sits in de Odenwald
 Und shpins, und dinks of me.
 Dere's a shild ash blays in de greenin grass,
 Und sings a liddle hymn,
 Und learns to shpeak a fader's name
 Dat she nefer will shpeak to him.

"But mordal life ends shortly
 Und Heafen's life is long:—
 Wo bist du Breitmann?—glaub'es—¹
 Gott suffers noding wrong.

¹ Where art thou, Breitmann?—Believe it.

Now I die like a Christian soldier,
 My head oopon my sword :—
In nomine Domini ! ”—
 Vas Stossenheim his word.

O, dere vas bitter wailen
 Vhen Stossenheim vas found.
 Efen from dose dere lyin
 Fast dyin on de ground.
 Boot time vas short for vaiten,
 De shades vere gadderin dim :
 Und I nefer shall forget it,
 De hour ve puried him.

De tramp of horse und soldiers
 Vas all de funeral knell ;
 De ring of sporn und carpine
 Vas all de sacrin bell.
 Mit hoontin knife und sabre
 Dey digged de grave a span,
 From German eyes blue gleamin
 De holy water ran.

Mit moss-grown shticks und bark-thong
 De plessed cross ve made,
 Und put it vhere de soldier's head
 Towards Germany vas laid.
 Dat grave is lost mid dead leafs,
 De cross is goned afay :
 Boot Gott will find der reiter
 Oopon de Youngest Day.

Und dinkin of de fightin,
Und dinkin of de dead,
Und dinkin of de organ,
To Nashville, Breitmann led.
Boot long dat rough oldt Hanserl
Vas earnsthaft, grim und kalt,
Shtill dinkin o'er de heart's friend,
He'd left im gruenen wald.¹

De verses of dis boem
In Heidelberg I write ;
De night is dark around me,
De shtars apove are bright.
Studenten in den Gassen²
Make singen many a song ;
Ach Faderland !—wie bist du weit !
Ach Zeit !—wie bist du lang !³

¹ In the green wood.

² Students in the streets.

³ Oh Fatherland !—how art thou far !
Oh Time !—how art thou long !

This ballad was the subject of a very laudatory letter from Dr. Oliver W. Holmes.

HANS BREITMANN'S CHRISTMAS

“Hæc est illa bona dies
Et vocata læta quies
Vina sitientibus.

“Nullus metus, nec labores,
Nulla cura, nec dolores,
Sint in hoc symposio.”

[*De Generibus Ebriosorum, Francoforti
ad Mænum, A.D. 1585.*

Id vas on Weihnachtsabend—vot Christmas Efe
dey call—

Der Breitmann mit his Breitmen tid rent de
Musik Hall;

Ash de Breitmen und die vomen who vere in
de Liederkranz

Vouldt blend deir souls in harmonie to have a
bleasin tantz.

Dey reefed de Hall 'mid pushes so nople to pe
seen,

Aroundt Beethoven's buster dey on-did a gar-
landt creen:

De laties vork like teufels dwo tays to scroob
de vloor,

Und hanged a crate serenity mit WILLKÖMM!
oop de toor!

BREITMANN'S CHRISTMAS 63

Und while dere was a Schwein-blatt whose
redakteur tid say,
Dat Breitmann he was *liederlich* : ve ant-worded
dis-a way,
Ve maked anoder serenity mid ledders plue
und red :
“Our *Leader* lick de repels ! N.G.” (enof
gesaid.)

Und anoder serene dransbarency ve make de
veller baint,
Boot de vay he potch and vertyfeled id, vas
enof to shvear a saint,
For ve wanted LA GERMANIA ;—boot der ardist
mit a bloonder,
Vent und vlorished LAGER agross id—und denn
poot MANIA oonder !

“Now ve moost pe guest-friendlich,” said
Breitemann, said he ;
“Und shoot te toor vide oben, for beople all
to see.
Four elemends indernally unided make a
punsch ;
Boot id *dakes* a tausend fellers vhen you gifes
dem freie lunsch.”

Und as Christmas Efe vas gekommen, de
beoplesh weren im Hall ;
I shvears you id vas Gott-full—dat shplendit,
peg'lory'd ball ;

64 BREITMANN BALLADS

Ve hat foon *wie der Teufel in Frankreich*—ve
 coot oop like der teufel in France,
 Und valk pair-wise in, vwhile de musik blayed
 loudt de Fackel-Tanz.

Boot vhen de valtz shtrike oopwart ve most
 went out of fits,
 Ash der Breitmann led off on a dwister mit de
 lofely Helmine Schmitz.
 He valtz yoost like he vas shtandin' shtill mit
 a peaudiful solemn shmile,
 Und Helmine say he nefer shtop *poussiren* alla
 weil.

“*Es tænt es rauschet Saitenklang*—I hear de
 musik call
Den kerzenhellen Saal entlang—all droo de
 gleamin' Hall
O mæcht ich schweben stolz und froh—O mightdt I
 efer pe
Mit dir durchs ganze Leben so!—mine Lebenlang
 by dee!”

Und vaster blay de musik de *Wellen und Wogen*
 von Strauss;
 Und soom drop indo de tantzen, und soom of
 dem drop *aus*;
 Und soon like a shtorm in de Meere I veel de
 reelin' vloor,
 So de shpinners shtop mit de shpinsters, for dey
 couldn't shpin no more.

Now weren ve all frolic, *und lauter guter ding*,
Und dirsty ash a broosh-pinder—vhen ve hear
some glasses ring;

Foorz mild und sonft in de distants—like de
song of a nightingall,

Denn a ringin' und rottlin' und clotterin'—ash
de Glück of Edenhall?

Hei! how ve roosh on de liquor!—hei! how
de kellners coom!

Hei! how ve busted de bier-kegs und poonished
de *Punsch a la Rhum*.

Like lonely wafes at mitternight oopon some
shiant shore—

Like an awful shtorm in de Wælder—vas de
dirsty Deutschers' roar!

I pyed some carts for a dime abiece—I pyed
shoost fifyd-dwo,

Dey vere goot for bier, or schnapps, or wein—
by doonder how dey flew!

I ring de deck on de waiters for liquor hot und cool,
Und efery dime I blays a cart, py shings, I
rake de pool! ¹

Und ash ve trinked so comforble, like boogs in
any roog,

De trompets blowed *tan da ra dei*, und dere
come in a *Maskenzug*,

¹ In American-German festivals cards are sometimes sold by the quantity, which are "good" for refreshments. This is done to avoid trouble in making change.

66 BREITMANN BALLADS

A peaudiful brocession, soul-raisin' and soop-
lime,
De Marmorbilds of de heroes of de early
Sharman dime.

Dere vent der gros Arminius, mit his frau
Thusnelda, doo,
De vellers ash lam de Romans dill dey roon
mit noses plue ;
Denn vollowed Quinctilius Varus who carry a
Roman yoke,
Und arm in arm mit Gambrinus coom der
Allemane Chroc.

Der alte Friedrich Rothbart, und Kaiser Karl
der crate,
Mit Roland und Uliverus vent shveepin' on in
shtate ;
Und Conradin, whose sad-full deat' shtill makes
our heartsen plead,
Und all ov dem oldt vellers aus dem Nibelungen
Lied.

Und as dey mofed on, der Breitmann maked a
tyfeled shplendid witz
In anti-word to dis quesdion from de lofely
Mina Schmitz :
“ Vhy ish id dey always makes in shtone dem
vellers so andiquadet ? ”
“ Vhy—dey set in de laps of Ages dill dey got
lapi-dated ! ”

Und shoost as de last of dis hisdory hat fanished
 droo de door,
 Ve heardt a ge-screech, and Pelz Nickel coom
 howlin' on de vloor ;
 Denn de laties yell like der teufel, und vly like
 gulls mit wings,
 Und der Pelz Nickel lick em mit svitches, und
 ve laughet like eferydings.

I nefer hafe sooch laughen before dat I vas
 geboren ;
 Und Pelz Nickel, vhen 'tvas ober, he plow on
 a yæger horn,
 Und denounce do all de beople gesembled in de
 hall :
 " Dat a Christmas dree vas vaiten', mit bresents
 for oos all ! "

So ve vollowed him into de *Zimmer* so quick
 ash dese vords he said,
 To kit dem peaudiful bresents, all gratis und on
 de dead ;
 Und in facdt a shplendid Weihnachtsbaum mit
 lighds ve druly vound,
 Und liddel kifts dat ge-kostet a benny abiece
 all round !

Dere vas Rika Stange die Dessauerinn — a
 maedchen shtraigdt und tall,
 She cot a bicture of Cubid—boot she tidn't see
 it ad all,

68 BREITMANN BALLADS

Dill der Breitmann say, mit his shplendid shtyle
dat all de laties dake :

“Dat pend of de bow ish de Crecian pend dat
you so ofden make !”

Anoder scharmante laity, Maria Top, did
cot,

A schwingin' mit a ribbon, a liddle benny
pot ;

Boot Breitmann hafe id de roughest of any oder
mans,

For he kit a yellow grate mit a liddle vooden
Hans.

Denn next Beethoven's Sinfonie, die orkester
tid blay ;

Adagio—allegro—andante cantabile.

Ve sat in shtill commotion so dat a bin mighdt
drops,

Und de deers roon town der Breitmann's sheeks,
mitwhiles he vas trinkin' schnapps.

Next dings ve had de *Weinnachtstraum* ge-sung
by de Liederkranz,

Denn I trinked dwelf schoppens of glee-wine
to sed me oop for a tantz ;

Dis dimes I tanz wie der Teufel—we shriek
de volk on de vloer ;

Und boost right indo de sooper room—for ve
tantz a hole droo de door !

BREITMANN'S CHRISTMAS 69

Denn 'twas rowdy tow und hop-sassa, ve
hollered, Mann und Weib;

“Rip Sam und sed her oop acain!—ve're all
of de Shackdaw tribe!”

Vhen Pelz Nickel plow his tromp vonce more,
und peg oos to shtop our din,

Und droo de oben door dere coomed nine den-
pins marchin' in.

Nine vellers tressed like den-pins—dey goed to
de end' der hall,

Und dwo Hans Wurst, shack-puddin' glowns
—dey rolled at em mit a ball.

De balls vas paintet peaudiful; dey was vifdeen
feet aroundt;

Und de rule ov de came: “whoefer cot hidt,
moost doomple on de croundt.”

Sometimes dey hit de den-pins—sometimes de
oder volk—

Und pooty soon de gompany vas all laid out in
shoke;

Boot I dells you vot, it maked oos laugh dill
we by-nearly shplits,

Vhen der Breitmann he roll ofer, und drip oop
de Mina Schmitz.

Dis lets itself in Sharman pe foost-rade word-
blayed on,

Und 'mongst oos be-gifted vellers you pet dat
id vas tone!

70 BREITMANN BALLADS

How der Breitmann mightd drafel ash bride-
man on de roadt dat ish *breit* und *krumm* : ¹
Here de drumpets soundt, and pair-wise ve goed
for de sooper-room.

Ve goed for ge-roasted Welsh-hens, ve goed
for ge-spickter hare,
Ve goed for Kartoffel salade mit butter brod,—
kaviar :
Ve roosh at de lordtly Sauer-kraut und de Wurst
which lofely shine,
Und oh, mein Gott im Kimmel! *how* we goed
for de Mosel-wein !

Und troonker more, und troonker yet, und
troonker shtill cot ve,
In rosy lighdt shtill drivin on agross a fairy sea ;
Denn madder, vilder, frantic-er, I proked a
salat dish !
Und shoost like roarin' elephants ve tantzed
aroundt de tish.

I'fe shvimmed in heafenly droonks pefore—
boot nefer von like dis ;
De morgen-het-ache only seemt a bortion of de
pliss.
De vhide in trilling peauty roundt like heafenly
vind-harps rang
A goosh of goldnen melodie—de Rheinwein-
bechers' Klang.

¹ Breitmann and bride-man, *breit* and *krumm*
(bride and groom), or broad and crooked, &c.

De meltin' minnesingers' song—a droonk of
honyed rhyme—

De b'wildrin-dipsy Bardic shants of Teutoburgic
dime ;

Back to de runic dim Valhall und Balder's
foamin' mead :—

Here ents in heller glorie Schein der Breitmann's
Weihnachtslied !

BREITMANN IN POLITICS

I

I.—THE NOMINATION

VHEN ash de var vas ober, und Beace her
shnow-vice vings
Vas vafin' o'er de coondry (in shpodts) like efery
dings ;
Und heroes vere revardtet, de beople all pegan
To say 'tvas shame dat nodings vas done for
Breitemann.

No man wised how id vas shtartet, or vhere der
fore shlog came,
Boot dey shveared it vas a cinder, dereto a
purnin' shame :
“Dere is Schnitzerl in de Gustom-House—
potzblitz ! can dis dings be !—
Und Breitmann he hafe nodings : vot sighds is
dis to see !

“Nod de virst ret cendt for Breitmann ! ish *dis*
do pe de gry
On de man dat sacked de repels und trinked
dem high und dry ?

By meine Seel' I shvears id, und vhat's more I
 deglares id's drue,
 He vonce gleaned oudt a down in half an our,
 und shtripped id strumpf und shoe.

“ Vhen dey ploondered de down of Huntsville,
 I dells you vot, py tam !
 He burned oop four biano-fords and a harp to
 roast a ham ;
 Vhen he found de *rouge* und *émail de Paris*,
 which de laties hafe hid in a shpot,
 He whited his horse all ofer—und denn pinked
 his ears, bei Gott !

“ Vhen he found dat a blace was ploonder-fool,
 he always tell dem, sure :
 ‘ Men, sack und pack ! I shoots mine eyes for
 only shoost an uhr.’
 Boot if de blace vas fery rich, he vouldt say mit
 a solemn mien :
 ‘ Men—I only shleep for von half uhr more—
 ve *moost* hafe tiscipline.’

“ He was shoost like Koenig Etzel, of whom de
 shdory dell,
 Der Hun who go for de Romans und gife dem
 shinin hell ;
 Only dis dat dey say no grass vouldt crow vhere
 Etzel's horse had trot,
 Und I really peliefe vhere Breitmann go, de
 hops shpring oop, bei Gott ! ”

If once you tie a dog loose, dere ish more soon
 geds aroundt,
 Und when dis vas shtartedt on Breitmann id was
 rings aroom be-foundt ;
 Dough *vhy* he *moost* hafe somedings vas nod by
 no means glear,
 Nor tid id, like Paulus' confersion, on de snap
 to all abbear !

Und, in facdt, Balthazar Bumchen saidt he
 couldtent nicht blainly see
 Vhy a feller for gadderin' riches shood dus re-
 vartedt pe :
 Der Breitmann own drei Houser, mit a wein-
 handle in a stohr,
 Dazu ein Lager-Wirthschaft, und sonst was—
 somedings more.

Dis plasted plackguard none-sense ve couldn't
 no means shtand,
 From a narrow-mineted shvine's kopf, of our
 nople captain grand :
 Soosh low, goarse, betty *bornirtheit* a shentleman
 deplores ;
 So ve called him *verfluchter Hundsfott*, und
 shmysed him out of toors.

So ve all dissolfed dat Breitmann shouldt hafe a
 nomination
 To go to de Legisladoor, to make some dings
 off de nation ;

Mit de helb of a Connedigut man, in whom ve
 hafe great hobs,
 Who hat shange his boledics fivdeen dimes, und
 derefore knew de robes.

2.—THE COMMITTEE OF INSTRUCTION

Denn for our Insdructions Comedy de ding vas
 protocollirt,
 By Docktor Emsig Grubler, who in Jena vonce
 studiret ;
 Und for Breitmann his insdrugtions de Comedy
 tid say
 Dat de All out-going from de Ones vash die
 first Morál Idée.

Und de segondt crate Morál Idée dat into him
 ve rings,
 Vas dat government for every man moost alfays
 do efery dings ;
 Und die next Idée do vitch his mindt esbecially
 ve gall,
 Is to do mitout a Bresident und no government
 ad all.

Und die fourt' Idée ve vish der Hans vouldt
 alfays keeb in fiew,
 Ish to cooldifate die Peaudifool, likewise de
 Goot und Drue ;

76 BREITMANN BALLADS

Und de form of dis oopright-hood in proctise to
 present,
 He must get our liddle pills all bassed, mitout
 id's gostin' a cent.¹

Und die fift' Idée—ash learnin' ish de cratest
 ding on eart',
 Und ash Shoopider der Vater to Minerfa gife
 gebirt'—
 Ve peg dat Breitmann oonto oos all pooplic
 tocuments
 Which he can grap or shteal vill sendt—franked
 —mit his gompliments.

Die sechste crate Morál Idée—since id fery
 vell ish known
 Dat mind is de resooldt of food, ash der
 Moleschott has shown,
 Und ash mind ish de highest form of Gott, as
 in Fichte dot' abbear—
 He moost alfays go mit de barty dat go for
 lagerbier.

Now ash all dese insdrugdions vere showed to
 Mishder Twine,
 De Yangee boledician, he say dey vere fery
 fine :

¹ This refers to the passage of bills in the Legislature of a state by means of bribery. In Pennsylvania, as in many other states, bills which have "nothing in them"—*i.e.* no money—are rarely allowed to pass.

Dey vere pesser ash goot, und almosdt nice—a
tarnal tall concern ;

Boot dey hafe some liddle trawpacks, und in
fagdt weren't worth a dern.

Boot yet, mit our bermission, if de shentlemans
allow—

Here all der Sharmans in de room dake off
deir hats und pow—

He vouldt gife our honored gandidate some
nodions of his own,

Hafing managed some elegdions mit sookcess,
as vell vas known.

Let him plow id all his *own* vay, he'd pet as
sure as born,

Dat our mann vouldt not coom oud of der liddle
endt der horn,

Mit his goot *proad* Sharman shoulders—dis
maket oos laugh, py shink !

So de comedy shtart for Breitmann's—*Nota
bene*—after a trink !

3.—MR. TWINE EXPLAINS BEING “SOUND UPON THE GOOSE”

Dere in his crate corved oaken shtuhl der
Breitemann sot he :

He lookt shoost like de shiant in de Kinder
hishdorie ;

78 BREITMANN BALLADS

Und pefore him, on de tische, was—vhere man
alfays foundt it—

Dwelf inches of good lager, mit a Bœmisch
glass around it.

De foorst vordt dat der Breitmann spoke he
maked no sbeech or sign!

De nexd remark vas, “*Zapfet aus!*”—de dird
vas, “*Schenket ein!*”

Vhen in coomed liddle Gottlieb und Trina mit
a shtock

Of allerbest Markgraefler wein—dazu dwelt
glaeser Bock.

Denn Mishder Twine deglare dat he vas happy
to denounce

Dat as Captain Breitmann suited oos egsockdly
do an ounce,

He vas ged de nomination, and need nod more
eckshblain:

Der Breitmann dink in silence, and denn roar
aloudt, CHAMPAGNE!

Denn Mishder Twine, while drinkin’ wein,
mitwhiles vent on do say,

Dat long instructdions in dis age vere nod de
dime of tay;

Und de only ding der Breitmann need to pe of
any use

Vas shoost to dell to efery man he’s *soundt oopon*
der coose.

Und ash dis liddle frase berhops vas nod do oos
 bekannt,
 He dakes de liberdy do make dat ve shall oonder-
 shtand,
 And vouldt dell a liddle shdory vitch dook
 blace pefore de wars :
 Here der Breitmann nod to Trina, und she bass
 aroundt cigars.

“Id ish a longe dime, now here, in Bennisyl-
 fanien’s Shtate,
 All in der down of Horrisburg dere rosed a
 vierce depate,
 ’Tween vamilies mit cooses, und dose vhere
 none vere foundt—
 If cooses might, by common law, go squanderin’
 aroundt ?

“Dose who vere nod pe-gifted mit cooses, und
 vere poor,
 All shvear de law forbid dis crime, py shings
 und cerdain sure ;
 But de coose-holders teklare a coose greadt
 liberdy tid need,
 And to pen dem oop vas gruel, und a mosdt
 oon-Christian teed.

“Und denn anoder barty idself tid soon re-
 feal,
 Of arisdograts who kep’d no coose, pecause
 ’twas nod shendeel :

Tey tid not vish de splodderin' keese shouldt
 on deir pafemends bass,
 So dey shoined de anti-coosers, or de oonder
 lower glass ! ”

Here Breitmann led his shdeam out: “ Dis
 shdory goes to show
 Dat in poledicks, ash lager, *virtus in medio*.
 De drecks ish ad de pottom—de skoom floods
 high inteed ;
 Boot das bier ish in de mittle, says an goot old
 Sharman lied.¹

“ Und shoost apout elegdion-dimes de scoom
 und drecks, ve see,
 Have a pully Wahl-verwandtschaft, or election-
 sympathie.”
 “ Dis is very vine,” says Mishder Twine, “ vot
 here you indrotuce :
 Mit your bermission I'll grack on mit my
 shdory of de coose.

“ A gandertate for sheriff de coose-beholders run
 Who shvear de coose de noblest dings vot valk
 peneat' de sun ;
 For de cooses safe de Capidol in Rome long
 dimes ago,
 Und Horrisburg need safin' mighty pad, ash all
 do know.²

¹ “ Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille.”

² Harrisburg is the capital of the state of Pennsylvania.

"Acainsd dis mighdy Coose-man anoder veller
 rose,
 Who keepedt himself ungommon shtill vhen
 oders came to plows :
 Und if any ask how 'twas he shtoodt, his friendts
 wouldt vink so loose,
 Und vhisper ash dey dapped deir nose : '*He's*
 soundt oopon de coose !

" 'He's O. K. oopon de soobject : ¹ shoost pet
 your pile on dat :
 On dis bartik'ler quesdion he indends to coot it
 fat.'
 So de veller cot elegded pefore de beople
 foundt
 On *whitch* site of der coose it vas he shtick so
 awful soundt.

"Und efer in America, hencevorwart from dat
 day,
 Ash mit de Native Mericans, de fashion vas to
 say—
 Likes well in de Kansas droples—de shap who
 tid not refuse
 To go mit de beoples ash vanted him, vas soundt
 oopon der coose.

¹ In a certain edition of the Breitmann Ballads, this phrase is said to have originated in 1845. In 1835 I heard it said that General Jackson in a letter spelt all correct "*ell korrekt*," and this I believe to be the *real* origin of the expression.—C. G. L.

82 BREITMANN BALLADS

“Dis shdory’s all I hafe to dell,” says Mishder
Hiram Twine ;

“Und I advise Herr Breitmann shoost to vight
id on dis line.”

De volk who of dese boledics would oder
shapders read,

Moost waiten for de segondt pardt of dis here
Breitmann’s Lied.

II

4.—HOW BREITMANN AND SMITH WERE REPORTED TO BE LOG-ROLLING

Id hoppenet in de yar of crace, vhen all dese
dings pegan,

Dat Mishder Schmit, de shap who rooned
acainsd der Breitemann,

Vas a man who look like Mishder Twine so
moosh dat beoples say

Dey pliefe dey moost ge-brudert pe—Gott
weiss in vot a vay !

Und id vas also moosh be-marked—vhitch look
shoost like a bruder—

Dat vhen Twine vas vork on any side der
Schmit vas on der oder :

A fery gommon dodge ish dis mit de arisdo-
cracie ;

So dat votefer cardt doorns op, id's game for
de familie !

Nun, goot ! Howefer dis might pe, 'tvas
cerdain on dis hit

Der Twine vas do his tyfelest to euchre Mishder
Schmit ;

84 BREITMANN BALLADS

Und Schmit, I crieft to say, exclaimed :
 "Gaul darn me for a fool,
 But I'll smash old Dutch to cholera fits and
 rake the eternal pool ! "

So dey cot some liddle ledders, ash brifate ash
 could pe,
 Whitch Breitmann writed long agone to friendts
 in Germany ;
 Und dey brinted dem in efery vay to make de
 beoples laugh,
 Und comment on dem in de shtyle dat
 "sports" call "slasher-gaff."

Dere-to—as vash known py shoodshment und
 glearly ascertained,
 Dat Breitmann hafe lossed money py a valse
 und schwindlin' friendt—
 So dey roon it droo de newsbapers, und shbeech
 to make pegan,
 Dat *Breitmann* shtole de gelt himself und rop
 de oder man.¹

Boot de ding that jam de hardest on de men dat
 bull de vires,
 Und showed that Copitain Breitmann shtood
 pedween dwo heafy vires,

¹ This incident, and the one narrated in the preceding verse, are literally true.

Vas, pecause he vas a soldier—von could see id
at a clanse—

Dey had pud him in a tisdright vhere he hadn't
half a shanse.

For ash de pold solidaten ish more prafe ash
oder mans,

Dey moost lead de hope verloren und pattle in
de vans ;

Und ash defeat ish honoraple to men in honor
shtrict,

Dey honor dem py puttin' em vhere dey're
cerdain to be licked.

Boot dis dimes it shlopped over. 'Tvas de
dird or secondt heat,

Dat a soldier in dis tisdright had been poot oop
und beat ;

So de Plue Goats dink it over und go quietly
to vork :

De bow vhen too moosh aufgespannt vlies pack-
ward mit a yerck.

Now Mishder Twine deglaret dat de ding
seemed doubtenful,

Boot mitout delay he dook de horns so poldly
py de bull,

Und shpread de shdory eferyvhere, dill folk to
pliefe pecan,

Dat Mishder Schmit had *sold de vight* unto der
Breitemann !

86 BREITMANN BALLADS

He fix de liddle tedails—how moosh der Schmit
 hafe got
 For sellin' out his barty to let Breitmann haul
 de pot ;
 Und he showed a brifate ledder from Breite-
 mann to Schmit,
 Where he bromise him for Congress if he shoost
 let oop a bit.

Der Twine vas writet dis ledder ; for der
 Copitain Breitemann
 Would nefer hafe shtood soosh hoompoggs since
 virst his life pegan :
 He hat tone some rough dings in de war, in de
 ploonder-und-morder line,
 Boot vas hoockleperry-persimmoned mit dese
 boledics of Twine.

Howefer, dis ledder vorket foorst-rate—mit de
 Mericans pest of all,
 For dey mostly dinked it de naturalest ding as
 efer couldt pefall ;
 For to sheat von's own gonstituents ish de pest
 mofe in de came,
 Und dey nefer sooposed a Dootchman hafe de
 sense to do de same.

5.—HOW THEY HELD THE MASS MEETING

Dere's nodings in dis worlde so pad, ash all oov
 us may learn,
 Boot may shange from dark to lighthood, if
 loock should dake a doorn ;
 So it hoppenet mit Breitmann, who in spite of
 sin und Schmit,
 Gontrified ad shoost dis yooncture do make a
 glucky hit.

Dey hat sendet out some plackarts to de
 Deutsche burgers all
 (N.B.—Dish ish not mean *blackguards*, boot
 de pills dey shtick on de vall),
 To say dat a Massenversammlung—or a meeding
 of all dem asses—
 Vouldt be held in de Arbeiter-Halle, to consisd
 of de Sharman classes.

Now dey gife de brining of de pills to a new
 gekommene man,
 Who dinked dat Demokratisch vas de same ash
 Repooblican :
 Gott im Himmel weiss vhere he'd hid himself
 on dis free Coloompian shore
 Dat he scaped de naturalizationids, und hadn't
 found out pefore.

88 BREITMANN BALLADS

Boot to dis Deutsche brinter, de only tiffer-
 ence he
 Petween Repooplicanish and Demokratisch tid
 see,
 Vas dat von vash dwo ledders longer; so he
 dook shoost vot seem pat
 To make de poster handsome—likewise a liddle fat.

How ofden in dis buzzlin' life shmall grubs
 grows oop to vings!
 How often shoost from moostard seet a virst-
 glass pusiness shprings!
Van't klein komt men tot't groote, ash de
 Hollanders hafe said:
 Mit dese dwo ledders Breitemann caved in der
 Schmitsy's head.

6.—BREITMANN'S GREAT SPEECH

Dis tale dat Schmit hafe *sell de vight* cot so
 mooch put apout,
 Dat many of his beoples vere in fery tupious toubt;
 'Pove all, dose who were on de make, and easy
 change deir lodge,
 Und, pein awfool smart demselves, pelieve in
 efery dodge.

Vhen de meeding vas gesempeld, und dey found
 no Schmit vas dere,
 Dey looket at von anoder mit a *ganz* erstaunished
 air;

BREITMANN IN POLITICS 89

But dey *saw it* glear as taylighd, und around a
vink dere ran,
Vhen pefore dem rose de shiant form of
Copitain Breitemann !

Denn Breitemann vent los at dem : “ He could
nichts vell exbress
De rapdure dat besqueezed his hearts — de
wonnevol hoppiness—
To meed in friendtlich council and glasp de hand
of dose,
Who had peen mit most oonreason und unkindtly
galled his foes.

“ Berhaps o’er all dis shmilin’ eart’—he would
say it dere und denn—
Soosh shpecdagles couldt nod pe seen of soosh
imbardial men,
So tefoid of base sospicion, so apofe all betty
dricks,
Ash to gome und liden vairly to a voe in pole-
dicks ;

“ Dat ish to say, a so-galled voe—for he feeled
id in his soul
Dat de *brinciples* vitch mofed dem vere de same
ooon de whole ;
But he lack a vord to exbress dem in manners
opportunes ”—
Here a veller in de gallery gry oud, oonkindly,
“ Shpoons ! ”

Und dere der Breitmann goppled him : “ If
shpoons our modifes pe,
 Dere’s nod a man pefore oos who lossed a
 shpoon by me :
 Far rader had I gife you all a shpoons to eaten
 mit,
Und I hope to ged a ladle for mein friendt, der
Mishder Schmit.”

Dis fetch das Haus like doonder—it raise der
 tyfel’s dust,
 Und for sefen-lefen minudes dey ooplouded on
 a bust ;
 Und de chaps dat dinked of hedgin’ saw a ring
 as round as O ;
 So dey boked each oder in de ribs und said, “ I
 dold you so ! ”

For dis d’lusion to de ladle vas as glear ash city
 milk,
 Und drawd it on de beoples so vine ash flossen
 silk,
 Dat Hans und Schmit vere rollin’ locks, und de
 locks vere ready cut ;
 Only Breitmann hafe de liddle end, und Schmitsy
 dake de butt !

Denn Breitmann he crack onward : “ If any
 ’lightened man
 Vill seeken in his Bibel, he’ll find dat a
 publican

Is a barty ash sells lager ; und de ding is fery
 blain,
 Dat a *re*-publican ish von who sells id 'gain und
 'gain.

“ Now since dat I sells lager, I gant agreën
 mit
 De demprance brinciples I hear dishtriputet to
 Schmit ;
 Boot dis I dells you fairly, und no one to
 teseife—
 If I were Schmit, I'd pliefen shoost vot der
 Schmit peliefe.

“ And to mine Sharman liperal friendts I might
 mention in dis shpot,
 Dat I hear an oonfoundet rumor dat der Schmit
 peliefe in Gott ;
 Und also dat he coes to shoorsh—mit a brayer-
 book—for salfadion :
 I vould not for die welt say dings to hoort his
 repudadion.

“ Und noding is more likely dat it all a shlander
 pe,
 So also de rumor dat vhen young he shtoody
 divinidy :
 I myself, ash a publican, moost pe a sinner py
 fate,
 Und in dis sense I denounce mineself ash Re-
 publi-can-didate !

“ Ash Deutschers say—und Yankees doo—vhen
 der wein ish in der man,
 So ish oopon de oder part, de wise-hood in de
 can,
 Whitch brofes dat wein und wise-hood ish all de
 same, py shinks !
 Und de only real can-didate ish der veller ash
 coes for trinks :

“ Und dat ve may meed in gommon, I deglare
 here in dis hall—
 Und I shvears mineself to holt to it, votefer may
 pefall—
 Dat any man who gifes me his fote—votefer his
 boledics pe—
Shall alfays pe regartet ash bolidigal friendt py
 me.”

(Dis voonderfol condescension pring down dre-
 mentous applause,
 Und dose who catch de nodion gife most derriple
 hooraws ;
 Eshbecially some Amerigans ash vas shtandin’
 near de door,
 Und who in all deir leben long nefer heard so
 moosh sense pefore.)

“ Dese ish de brinciples I holts, and dose in vitch
 I run :
 Dey ish fixed firm und immutaple ash de course
 of de ’ternal sun :

Boot if you ton't approve of dem—blease^e nodice
vot I say—

I shall only pe too happy to alder dem right
afay.

“Und undo my Demogratich friends I vould
fery glearly shtate—

Since dis useless mit oop-geclearéd minds to
hold a long depate—

Dat dere's no man in de cidy who sells besser
liquor ash I,

Und I shtand de treadts *free-gradis* vhenefér
mine friends ish try.

“*Ad finem*—in de ende—I moost mendion do
you all,

Dat a dootzen parrels of lager bier ish a-gomin'
to dis hall:

Dere ish none of mine own barty here, bot we'll
do mitout deir helfs;

Und I kess, on de whole, 'twill pe shoost so
goot if ve trink it all ourselves.”

Soosh drementous up-loudation pefore was nefer
seen,

Ash dey svored dat der Copitain Breitmann vas
a brickpat, und no sardine; ¹

¹ “No more interlect than a half-grown shad,” is a phrase which occurs, if the author remembers aright, in the Charcoal Sketches, by J. C. Neal. The Western people have carried this idea a step further, and applied it to sardines, as “small fishes,” all of an average size,

Und dey trinked demselfs besoffen, sayin',
 "Hobe you wird sookceed!"—
De nexter theil will pe de ent of dis historisch
 lied.

packed closely together in tin cans and excluded from the light of day. A man who has never travelled, and has during all his life been packed tightly among those who were his equals in ignorance and inexperience, is therefore a "sardine."

III

PARDT DE VIRST

THE AUTHOR ASSERTS THE VAST INTELLECTUAL
SUPERIORITY OF GERMANS TO AMERICANS

Dere's a liddle fact in hishdory vitch few hafe
oondershtand,
Dot Deutschers are, *de jure*, de owners of dis
land,
Und I brides mineself oonshpeak-barly dat I
foorst make be-knownn,
De primordial cause dat Columbus vas derivet
from Cologne.

For ash his name vas Colon, it fisisply does shine,
Dat his Eldern are geboren been in Cologne on
der Rhein,
Und Colonia peing a colony, it sehr bemerkbar
ist,
Dat Columbus in America was der firster
colonist.

Und ash Columbus ish a tove, id ish wort' de
drople to mark,
Dat an bidgeon foorst tiscofer land a-vlyin'
from de ark.

96 BREITMANN BALLADS

Und shtill wider—in de peginnin', mitout de
leastest toubt,
A tofe vas vly ofer de wassers und pring de
vorltdt herout.

Ash mein goot oldt teacher der Kreutzer to me
tid ofden shbeak,
De mythus of name rebeats itself—vhitch see in
his "Symbolik,"
So also de name America, if we a liddle look,
Vas coom from der oldt king Emerich in de
Deutsche Heldenbuch.

Und id vas from dat fery Heldenbuch—how
voonderful it ron,
Dat I shdole de Song of Hildebrand, or der
Vater und der Sohn,
Und dishtripude it to Breitemann for a reason
vhitch now ish plain,
Dat dis Sagen Cyclus full-endet, pring me round
to der Hans again.

Dese laws of un-endly un-windooing ish so teep
and broad and tall,
Dat nopody boot a Deutscher hafe a het so
versteh dem at all,
Und should I write mine dinks all out, I tont
peliefe inteed,
Dat I mineself vould versteh de half of dis here
Breitmann's Lied.

Ash der Hegel say of his system—dat only von
 mans knew,
 Vot der tyfel id meant—und *he* couldn't tell—
 und der Jean Paul Richter, too,
 Who saidt: "Gott knows I meant somedings
 vhen foorst dis buch I writ,
 Boot Gott only wise vot das buch means now
 —for I hafe fergotten it!"

Und all of dis be-wises so blain ash de face on
 your nose,
 Dat der Deutscher hafe efen more intellects
 dan he himself soopose,
 Und his tifference mit de over-again vorldt, as
 I really do soospect,
 Ish dat oder volk hafe more *soopose*—und lesser
 intellect.

Yet oop-righty I confess it—mitout ashkin' vhy
 or vhen,
 Dere ish also dimes vhen Amerigans hafe shown
 sharp-pointet sense,
 Und a fery outsigned exmple of genius in dis
 line,
 Vas dishblayed in dis elegdion py Mishder
 Hiram Twine.

PARDT DE SECONDT

SHOWING HOW MR. HIRAM TWINE "PLAYED
OFF" ON SMITH¹

VIDE licet. Dere vas a fillage whose vote alone
vouldt pe
Apout enof to elegdt a man und give a majority,
So de von who couldt "scoop" dis seddlement
vouldt make a lucky hit,
But dough dey vere Deutschers, von und all, dey
all go von on Schmit.

Now id hoppenet to gome to bass, dat in dis
little town,
De Deutsch vas all exshpegdin' dat Mishder
Schmit coom down,
His brinciples to foresetzen und his idées to
deach—
(*Id est*, fix oop de brifate pargains)—und telifer
a pooplic shbeech.

¹ The incident narrated in this part is told in Pennsylvania as having occurred to a well-known politician, who bore the sobriquet of "With all due deference," from his habit of beginning all his speeches with these words.

BREITMANN IN POLITICS 99

Now Twine vas a gyrotwistive cuss ash blainly
ish peen shown,
Und vas always an out-findin' votefer might pe
known,
Und mit some of his circumswindles he fix de
matter so,
Dat he'd pe himself at dis meeding, und see
how dings vas go.

Oh shdrangely in dis leben de dings kits vorked
apout,
Oh voonderly Fortuna makes doorn us inside
out.
Oh sinkular de loock-vheel rolls—dis liddle
meeding dere,
Fixt Twine *ad perpendiculum* :—shoosh suit him
to a hair.

Now it hopponet on dis efenin', de Deutschers
von und all,
Vere erwaitin' mit oonpatience de onfang of de
Ball,
Und de shates of nighdt vere fallin' und de
shdars pegin to plink,
Und dey vish dat Schmit vouldt hoory, for
'twas dime to dake a trink.

Dey hear some hoofs a dramplin'—und dey saw
und dinked dey know'd,
De bretty greature coomin' on his horse entlang
de road,

Und ash he ride town-invard de likeness vas so
 blain,
 Dey donnered out "Hoorra for Schmit!" enof
 to make it rain.

Der Twine vas shdart like plazes—boot oop
 shdardet too his vit,
 Und he dinks, "Great turnips! — vot if I
 couldt bass for Colonel Schmit!
 Gaul darn my heels I'll do it—and go the total
 swine,
 Oh soap balls!—*what* a chance!" said dis dis-
 sembulatin' Twine.

Denn 'twas "Willkomm! willkomm! Mishder
 Schmit!" rings aroom on efery site,
 Und "First-rate—how dy do, yourself?" der
 Hiram Twine replied,
 Dey ashk him "Coom und dake a trink"—
 boot dey find id mighdy gueer,
 Vhen Twine informed em none boot hogs vould
 trink dat shtinkin' bier.

Dat lager vas nodings boot boison, und as for
 Sharman wein,
 He dinks it vas erfunden exbressly for Shar-
 man schwein,
 Dat he himself was a demperanceler, dat he
 gloria in de name,
 Und adfised dem all for tecency's sake to go und
 do de same.

Dese bemarks, among de Deutschers, vere apout
 as vell receife,
 Ash cats in a game of den-pins—ash you may of
 coorse peliefe,
 De heats of de recebtion vent down a dootzen
 degrees,
 Und in blace of hurraws was only heardt de
 roostlin' of de drees.

Und so in solemn stille dey scorched him to de
 hall,
 Where he maket de crate oradion vhitc vas so
 moosh to blease dem all,
 Und dis vay he pegin it : “ Pefore I furder go,
 I vish dat my obinions, you puddin-het Dutch,
 shouldt know.

“ Und eher I norate furder, I dink it only
 fair,
 Ve shouldt oonderstand each oder, prezackly,
 chunk and square ;
 Dere are points on vitch ve tisagree, und I vill
 plank de facts—
 I tont go round slanganderin' my friendts pehind
 deir packs.

“ So I beg you dake it easy, if on de raw I
 touch,
 When I say I can't apide de sound of your
 groonting *shishing* Dootch,

Should I in de Legisladure as your slumgullion
stand,
I'll have a bill forbidding Dutch, droo all dis
'versal land.

“Should a husband talk it to his frau, to deat’
he should pe led,
If a mutter breat’ it to her shild, I’d bunch her
in de head;
Und I’m sure dat none vill atvocate ids use in
pooplic schools,
Oonless dey’re peastly, nashdy, prutal, saur-
kraut eadin’ fools.”

Here Mishder Twine, to gadder breat’, shoost
make a liddle pause,
Und see sechs hundert gapin’ eyes—sechs hun-
dert shdarin’ chaws!
Dey shtanden erstarrt like frozen—von faindly
dried to hiss:—
Und von saidt: “Ish id shleeps I’m treamin’—
Gottstausend!—vot ish dis?”

Twine keptet von eye on de vindow,—boot
boldly vent ahet,
“Of your oder shtinkin’ hobits no vordt needt
here pe set;
Shdop goozlin’ bier—shdop shmokin’ bipes—
shdop rootin’ in de mire,
Und shoost un-Dutchify yourselves!—dat’s all
dat I require.”

Und denn dere coomed a shindy ash if de shky
hat trop :

“ Trow him mit ecks, py doonder !—go—shlog
him on de kop !

Hei ! shoot him mit a powie-knifes !—go for
him, ganz and gar !

Shoost tar him mit some fedders !—led’s fedder
him mit tar ! ”

Sooch a teufel’s row of furie vas nefer oopkicket
pefore,—

Some roosh to on-climb de blatform,—some
hoory to festen de toor,—

Von veller vired his refolfer—boot de pullet
missed her mark,

She coot de cort of de shandelier—it vell—und
de hall vas tark !

Oh vell vas it for Hiram Twine dat nimply he
couldt shoomp !

Und vell dat he light on a mist-hauf und nefer
feel de boomp !

Und vell for him dat his coot cray horse shtood
sottelet shoost oudside !

Und vell dat in an augenblick he vas off on a
teufel’s ride !

Bang ! bang ! de sharp pistolen shots vent pipin’
py his ear,

Boot he tortled oop de barrick road like any
moundain deer,

Dey trowed der Hiram Twine mit shteins—
 boot dey only could be-mark
 Von climpse of his white ober-coat—und a
 clotterin' droo de dark.

So dey gesempeled togeder, ein ander to sprechen
 mit,
 Und allow dat soosh a Rede dey nefer exshpegt
 from Schmit!
 Dat he vas a voorst-glass plackguard, und so pig
 a lump ash ran,
 So—*nemine contradicente*—dey vented for Breite-
 mann.

Und 'twas annerthalb yar dere after before der
 Schmit vas know,
 Vhat maket dis rural fillage go pack oopon him
 so,
 Und he schwored at de Dutch more schlimmer
 ash Hiram Twine had done,—
Nota bene: he tid it in earnest, while der
 Hiram's vas pusiness-fun.

Boot vhen Breitmann heardt de shtory how de
 fillage hat peen dricked,
 He swore bei Leib und Leben, dat he'd rader
 hafe peen licked,
 Dan be helpet droo sooch slumgoozlin',—und
 'twas petter to pe a schwein,
 Dan a schvindlin', honeyfooglin' shnake, like
 dat lyin' Yankee Twine.

BREITMANN IN POLITICS 105

Und pegot so heavy disgootet mit de boledics of
dis land,
Dat his friendts could barely keep him from
trowin' oop his hand,
Vhen he held shtraight-flush mit an ace in his
poot—vitch phrase ish all de same,
In de science of pokerology, ash if he got de
game.

So Breitmann cot elegdet, py vollowin' de vay,
Ve manage our elegdions oonto dis fery day.
Dis shows de Deutsch Dummehrlichkeit—also
de Yankee "wit: "—
Das ist das abenteuer how Breitmann lick der
Schmit.

BREITMANN IN LEYDEN

'Tis shveet to valk in Holland towns
Apout de twilight tide,
Vhen all ish shdill on proad canals,
Safe vhere a poat may clide.
Shdrange light on darkenin vater falls,
In long soft lines afar,
Der Abenddroth on Dunkelheit,
Vitch shows—or hides—a star.

De pridges risen all aroundt
So quaindly, left und right,
Pedween each pridge und shattow, lies,
A lemon of yellow light,
Und das volk a-goin ober,
So darklin onwarts pass,
Dey look like Chinese shattows—shown
Apofe a looking-glass.

All shdiller grows, und shdiller,
Sogar die efenin preeze,
Ish only heardt far ober het
In dese long lines of drees ;

A real oldt Holland feelin
 Cooms gadderin ober all,
 You'd nefer dink a sturm hat peen
 Oopon dis Grand Canawl.

De nople houses!—how dey'd mofe
 An old New Yorker's heart,
 Time vas—twix dese und dose at home
 You couldn't tell 'em part,
 Mit crate brass knockers on de toors,
 Und parlors town so low
 You see de crates a glowin prite
 O'er carbets ash you go.

Dere's comfort-full of avery dings,
 You veel it ash you look,
 You knows de volks ish opulend,
 Und keep a bully cook ;
 Und oopon de high camine,
 Or here und dere on shelf,
 Dere's Japanesisch dings in rows,
 Pe mingled oop mit delf.

Dere's noding in dis Holland life,
 Vitch seems of present day,
 De fery shildren in de shdreeds
 Look quaintlich as dey blay ;
 De liddle rosy housemaids,
 In bictures vell I know,
 De dames und heers hafe all an air
 Of sixdy years ago.

108 BREITMANN BALLADS

They may dalk of anciendt hishdory
Und for romantisch seek,
De ding dat mofes most teeply ish
Old-vashioned—not antique.
O if you live in Leyden town
You'll meet, if troot' pe told,
De forms of all de freunds who tied
Vhen du werst six years old.

This ballad had the honour to be specially praised
in a letter by Lord Lytton Bulwer the novelist.

AM RHEIN

NONNENWERTH

He shtood peside de Kloster-place,
Oopon de Rheinisch shore,
Und dere he saw a lofely face,
He'd seen in treams pefore.

“Feinslieb, und will'st dou go mit me?
Feinslieb, make no delay;
For rocks ish shdeep und vales ish teep,
Und dings ish in de way.”

“Und oh! how can I go mit dir,
Or flyen out of land?
Der bischof holts me py de law,
Der Rheingraf by der hand.

“Liebsherz, if dou could'st landwarts gehn,
I'd follow willingly;
Boot we are leafs, und shdrong's de shdem
Vitch pinds oos to de dree.”

“Der briest who helt dee py de law
Ish now a broken man;
Der Rheingraf who vouldt marry dee
Ish in der Kaiser's ban.

“ Und if de Kloster-beoples here
 Vill shdop your goin to town,
 Bei Gott ! I’ll burn von half of dem,
 De oder half I’ll trown !

“ Denn linger not to back dy drunk,
 Boot led our lofe hafe vings ;
 Dere’s milliners in fair Cologne,
 Vill make you avery dings.”

She toorn her eyes im Mondenschein,
 She schmile so heafenly :
 “ Dear lofe, so shendle und so goot !
 I’ll cut away mit dee.

“ Und do not kill de Kloster-volk,
 ’Twouldt only bring tiscrace !
 Dough if I had de abbess here,
 Lort ! how I’d slap her vace ! ”

De moonlighdt blayed oopon de drees,
 It shined oopon de blain,
 Two forms rode in de mitnight woods,
 Und nefer coomed again.

BREITMANN INTERVIEWS THE POPE

“ Si regressum feci metro
Retro ante, ante retro—
Quid si graves sunt acuti?
Si accentus fiant muti?
Quid si placide, plene, plane
Fregi frontem Prisciani?—
Sat est Verbum declinavi
Titubo-titubas titubavi.”

—*Barnabæ Itinerarium.*

London, 1716.

VON efenin ash der Breitmann vent from his
weinhaus vinkin,
So peepy mit Falernian vitch he vas starkly
trinkin,
He found his hut and goat was gone,—dey'd
dook em oud for dryin,—
Und in deir blace a priester hut und priester
mantel lyn.

Der Breitmann poot de triangel oopon his het,
and whistled,
Den rop de cloak around his form, and down
de Corso mizzled.
De beoples gazed mit staunischment as bey dem
he go vheelin,
He look ganz *oltra tramontane*, so twisty vas his
reelin.

112 BREITMANN BALLADS

Next tay in *Vaticano*, while he shtared at
frescoes o'er him,
Hans toorned und mit amazemend saw der Pabst
vas shoost pefore him !
Down on his knees der Breitmann vent—for
so de law it teaches ;
He proke two holes in de bavement—und like-
vise shblit his preeches.

“ Ego video,” says de Bope—“ tu es antistes
ex Almania,
Est una mala gente et corrupta con insania,
Un fons hereticorum et malorum tut terri-
bile,
Perche non vultis che ego — il Papa — sei
infallibile.”

“ Sit verbo venia,” said Hans, “ permitte, Sancte
Pater,
Num verum est ut noster *rum* gemixta est mit
water ?
In cœlis wo die Götter live, non semper est
sereno,
Nor de wein ash goot ash decet in each *spaccio
di vino*.

“ Sunt mihi multi fratres qui si denkunt ut
dicisti,
Ego kickerem illos, validê, per sanguine de
Christi !

In nostro monasterio si habemus nostrum rentum

Contra infallibilità non curamus rubrum centum.¹

“Viginti nostrorum nuper convenere,
In quodam capitulo, simul et dixere ;
Papa vult Concilium in Romam tenere,
Quid debemus super hoc ipsi respondere ? ”²

Et dixit noster presul, “Es ist mir omnis unus,
Si Papa est infallibilis, tanquam non sum jejunus,
Si Nonus est Pius aut Pius est Nonus—
Diabolus curat. Non accipio dieser onus.

“Si possum me jacere circum vitrum Rheno-
vini³
Es ist mir wurst si Papa est originis divini :

¹ “If we can in our monastery collect our rents, we do not care a red cent for infallibility.”

² This verse is parodied from the lines of a ribald old Latin song, “Viginti Jesuiti nuper convenêre.”

³ “If I could throw myself outside of, or around, a glass of Rhenish wine,” “If I could see a glass of whisky,” said an American, “I’d throw myself outside of it mighty quick.” Since writing the above, I have seen the expression thus given in a copy of *La Belle Sauvage—Bill of the Play, London, June 27, 1870.*

“Nay these natives—simple creatures—
Had resolved that for the future
Each his own canoe would paddle,
Each his own hoe-cake would gobble,
And get outside his own whisky.”

Deus se fecit olim homo, et nahm das irds'che
Leben,¹

Et nunc Papa noster will sich selbst zum Gott
erheben.

“Ita dixit Breitmann et sanctus Pater re-
spondit:

Me piace semper intendere tutto cio che l'on dit,
Sed tu dic mihi la sua ragione:

Tu non homo natus es, solus mangiar mac-
cheroni.

“Tonitrus et cespes!” dixit Johanes Breitmann.

“Si veritatem cupies, tunc ego sum der right
man;

Percute semper ferrum dum caldum est et *malle-
able*,

Nunc est tuum tempus te facere *infallible*.

“In nostra America quum Præses decet abire,

Die ultimo fecit omne quod posset imaginiré.

Appointet ambasciatores et post-magistros,

Consules et alios, per dextros et sinistros.

¹ “Deus se fecit olim homo,” &c. A very curious epigram to this effect was placed upon “Pasquin” while the writer was in Rome, during a past winter. It was as follows:—

“Perchè Eva mangio il pomo
Iddio per riscattarci si fece uomo,
Ed ora il Nono Pio
Per mantenerci schiavi, si fa Dio.”

“Quum Rex Bomba ista Neapolit—anus,
Compulsus fuit to shin it—ut dixit Africanus—
Fecit ultimo die ducos et countos, vanus.
(Inter alios M'Closkey, tuus Hibernicus chamber-
lanus.)¹

“Et quia tu es; ut credo; ultimus Poporum,
Facis bene devenire, quod dicitur High Cocka-
lorum—
Sei magnissimus *toad in the puddle*, ite caput,
magnamente;
Et ERITIS SICUT DEUS, nemine contradicente!

“Unus error solus, Sancte Pater commisisti.
Quia primus *infallible* non te proclamavisti,
Nam nemo audet dicere: Papa fecit quod non
est bonus.
Decet semper jactare super *alios* probandi
onus.

“Conceptio Immaculata, hoc modo fixisti,
Et nemo audet dicere unum verbum, de isti:
Non vides si infallibilis es, et vultis es exdare,²
Non alius sed *tu* solus hanc debet procla-
mare.”

¹ M'Closky. An Irish adventurer, admirably de-
picted by Mr. Charles Lever.

² “Do you not see that if you are infallible, and
wish to give it out.”

“Figlio mio,” dixit Papa; “Tu es homo
 mirabilis,
 Tua verba sunt mi dulcior quam ostriche cum
 Chablis,
 In tutta Roma, de Alemania gente,
 Non ho visto uno con si grande mente.

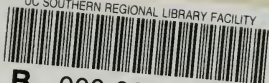
“Vero benedetto es—eris benedictus,
 Tibi mitterem photographiam in quo sum depictus.
 Tu comprendes situatio—il punto et gravamen.
 Sunt pauci clerici ut te. Nunc dico tibi.—
 Amen!”

THE END





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